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EDITORIAL

What if Pierre Trudeau had written the Magna Carta?



By Peter C. Newman

Ever since Pierre Trudeau pledged to bring his own version of the British North America Act from London, a constitutional debate has raged across this country at two very different levels. Most people have relegated the issue to the outer edges of their consciousness, like thinking about last year's Canada Day celebrations or next summer's soccer playoffs. At the same time, the nation's political leaders, special pleaders and academic needlers have worked themselves into an ungodsend half. They accuse the prime minister of acting with an arrogance that would rank him somewhere on the raw side of Marie Antoinette or J.R. Ring.

In the current issue of *Queen's Quarterly*, a university review published in Kingston, Ont., Professor Tom Auldman, an Albertan and Harvard graduate who now teaches law, has placed the whole dreary debate in its proper perspective. "Constitutions don't have to do with what things are to be done in a nation," he notes. "They have to do with how things are done."

That may be why Sir Anthony Kershaw's committee of the British Parliament has unanimously rejected Trudeau's patriation scheme. The trouble with his brand of constitution-making is less the specific nature of the changes the prime minister is demanding

than the way he is going about it. As Auldman points out, he who makes a constitution, by implication, is asserting his power to change it. "Had King John dictated Magna Carta, he could have been its master rather than its subject."

The Liberals have defended their approach on two fronts. They point to the results of last spring's referendum in Quebec and explain that all they're really attempting is to rally 'round the province's irrevocable band of patriots who voted against René Lévesque. That's certainly a worthwhile position—except for the fact that even the most rabid anti-separatist French-Canadian didn't go to the wall with their beliefs because they aspired to any increase in Ottawa's centralizing tendencies.

The other Liberal rationale is that what they're now doing is comparable to the logic-breaking exercise of the 1960 flag debate. It's hardly a valid precedent. Lester Pearson's courageous advocacy of a distinctive flag was an essential turning point in the evolution of Canadian sovereignty. But a flag, however welcome, is a symbol. Unlike a constitution, it doesn't alter the way governments and people deal with each other.

"If we are to make a constitution," Auldman concludes, "we must find the right way to make it. Frustration with the wrong ways is not justification for surrender to inadequate solutions."

Maclean's

Feb. 9, 1981

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Heroes no more

Thank you for Hal Quinn's excellent recent article on the state of hockey in Canada today (*The NHL Comes of Age*, Jan. 19). The NHL used to be one of Canada's showpieces and hockey a sport actually enjoyed the game more than their salaries and fringe benefits. I think that one of the main reasons hockey's popularity is dwindling is because of the continual fighting that occurs at games. The only time the NHL gets any publicity is when 200 minutes of penalty time is handed out in one game. In my opinion, much tougher rules and emphasis on skill rather than intimidation will result in hockey getting the recognition it deserves.

—MARK HUTCHISON
Stony Plain, Alta.

A story worth the telling

I was glad to see an article, however short, concerning the Emerson-Bennett case (*The Life to Be Beyond*, Canada, Jan. 19). I think more programs, particularly by the media, regarding the legality of "independent-government" warrants is needed because many people just aren't aware of their power. Emerson-Bennett is just one man, but I think it is important his story be told.

—BERAN SCOTT
Windsorville, Ont.

PASSAGES



DORE WILLIAMS (Cont.)
Cafe, 72, of cancer in
Columbus, Ohio. The
poet drummer made his
debut with *Jelly Roll
Martin* in the 1930s,
and later worked with
Cab Calloway and

LEWIS ARMSTRONG: His 1957 *Topsy* was
the only drum record ever to sell more
than one million copies.

DERE JOHN GORRIS, 74, in Houston, Tex.
Author of *The Fear Club* Btl, he was
internationally known, had won every
championship in the American
Contract Bridge League and captained
several U.S. teams in international
competitions.

JOHN GLEESON, 71, Canadian poet,
novelist, translator in Montreal, apparently
of a heart attack. Best known for
his work *Memories of Montparnasse*, an
early diary of his bohemian stay in Paris
from 1926 to 1932, he won the
Governor-General's Award in 1971 for
Shards of Light. His translations of



The NHL: Canada's declining showpiece

Impartially partial

Congratulations to Maclean's for its informative and perceptive article *Prosecuting the Eighteen* (Justice, Jan. 19). One right, have mentioned, though, that only a very fraction of complaints against the police actually get to court due to the infernal situations where the police are situated to investigate allegations against themselves. It is all too often only when a death occurs that a prosecutor takes place, the tension conflict of which is so aptly described in your article. Some sort of community supervision of the police is called for.

—TOM MACKINNON
London, England

Quebecois poems and novels brought
frustration work to a large anglophone
audience.

DERE Samuel Barber, 78, in New York,
N.Y., of cancer. The prolific and versatile
Pulitzer Prize-winning composer's
output ranged from chamber works
such as *Adagio for Strings* to grand opera—his
Anthony and Cleopatra opened the new
Lincoln Center in 1966. Often
reviled by critics for his "raw" music, his
pieces such as *Knoxville Summer of
1915*, he managed to capture through
the long and eloquent singing lines of
his music what it was like to hear the
sounds of America.



MRS. BROWN (Cont.)
Mrs. Brown, 68, wife of
former vice-president
Herbert Humphrey, who
died of cancer in 1978.
Humphrey will marry
Nebraska businessman
Mr. Brown, 68, who
was a high-school classmate, both for
the second time. After 30 years, the couple
renewed the friendship when Brown
sent his condolences.

It was indeed ironic to read of lawyers
telling how polite our not be impartial
enough to judge their fellow officers.
Lawyers and their Bar Society fight
tooth and nail to defend their right to
do the very same thing.

—C.R. FRASER
Waterloo, N.S.

Spotlighting a rare bird

A word of appreciation for your excellent
profile of Louise Denyse (Epilogue
to *Louise Denyse's Last Profile*, Jan. 12). Her insight, both literary and
linguistic, along with her wisdom and
tact make her one of the rarest birds
in publishing—the beloved editor who
can get the best out of anyone. I say
that without the slightest sarcasm.
Maclean's is to be praised for casting a
spotlight on her dedication and for not
gushing over the fact that she is
female.

—KARA POLACHOFF-HENLEY
Elbow Lake, Ont.

Home-made talent

Re Bruce Cockburn "seems to be
winning" does he? (*After the Road*,
Music, Jan. 12). For many years, Cockburn
has had successful masterpieces—
we started celebrating his long ago. It
has been his unique, "home-made"
writing and singing that has opened
his musical talent following. Let's not
lose our Canadian artists at the back
door. Support them. Above all, give
them the dignity they deserve.

—PATRICK STON
Alland, N.E.T.

DERE Adèle Astaire Drouin, 81, of a
stroke in Montclair, Ala. The original
Ginger Rogers was the sister and
first partner of Fred Astaire. The team
was the toast of two continents during
the 1930s.



MARGARET Jackson Browne, 36, and
longtime sweetheart from New
Zealand, **Lyndee Sawyer**, in a beachside
ceremony north of
Santa Barbara, Calif.
The singer-songwriter
is best known for her
works recorded by *The
 Eagles*, *The Byrds*,
Linda Ronstadt, *Tina
Turner* and *Bonnie Raitt*.

DERE T. Loebang Rampa, 70, in Calgary,
after a long illness. The controversial
mythic author of *The Third Eye*
and 18 other books on Tibetan spiritualism,
had lived as a recluse in Canada
since 1968. Scholars who contended his
books were error-ridden said he had
not grown up in Tibet, as he claimed,
but was Cyril Henry Baskin of Devon,
England. Rampa countered that he had
taken over Baskin's body.

The competitive spirit

Remember when you were a "little guy"?
Up against the big guys.
They had all the ins. You had to work hard.

Remember the challenge? The thrill of competing.
And of winning. Moving up. That's what this ad is about.
Competition.

Eastern Provincial is the airline of Atlantic Canada.
Not a "big guy" in the world view. But we're very good.
We're experienced and professional. And we'll never
abandon that flair and personal touch that "small" entails.

We recently won the rights to serve the Toronto market
with daily non-stops to Halifax and one-stops to St. John's.
It's a big challenge. From a marketing standpoint we've got
to sell ourselves in a market that's already pretty saturated.
And frankly, very competitive.

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you. Prove that competition's still alive.
All you have to do is remember.



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Funnel vision

When a movie is as well-scripted and as well as Popeye (Popeye 3D Needs His Spanish, Film, Dec. 32) and accomplishes its end of pure fantasy, enjoyment and entertainment, it makes me wonder why it is subjected to so much needless criticism by critics whose childhood is so far behind them they can neither understand the movie nor tell a funnel from a siphon.

—JENNIFER HUBBARD,
Burlington, Ont.

Pointless technology

Finally, an article on cellular communication. (Discovered in the *Ontario Review*, Puchon, Dec. 32) I was beginning to think that everyone was closing their eyes and hoping for the best. What poster there in all our marvelous technology and knowledge if it is to be destroyed in a great flash! And this to protect our energy resources and the wealth of the powerful in the world. Thanks, Mr. Stork for giving us some hope that there is a possibility of world action through Operation Dammit and the United Nations.

—EILEEN MESSIAH,
Knoxville, B.C.

The risk continues

It is bad enough when the press misrepresents another decade of frustration to western "farmers" and "hysteria," but when our national news magazine says that western farmers are guided by myth it does little to promote understanding. (The *Risks of Two Solitudes*, Cover, Dec. 1) The implication of the article is that a bunch of dumb farmers are holding up a solution to the Crow Rate problem. More than three years ago, the Hall-Regal Commission recommended that the government guarantee the Crow Rate for the



Well-known as Popeye, 'andless critics'

farmer, put the railways directly for their losses and add proposed goods to the statutory freight law. Farmers have been demanding prompt action on this sensible solution. Successive federal governments, not farmers, are stalling change. Western Canadians agree that tariffs are a legitimate cost of Confederation. All they ask is that the Crow Rate be recognized as an important national program.

—LIS BENJAMIN,
W.P., Regina West

Everyone's a winner

Two had in his review, *The Dream Never Dies* (Film, Dec. 3) Mr. Becker can't see past his own expectations and prejudices. He insists that there be a "winner" in every confrontation. Peter

Mueller from the dowel cap, but nowhere in the movie did I see anyone give up. Amazingly enough, that is what downhill amateur skiing, Ken Reed, Peter Mueller and this man are all about. If Mr. Becker cannot see the competitiveness in the movie, the humanity of the principles, then maybe he needs better vision or, better yet, he should remove his blinkers and open his eyes to a reality not of his own preconceptions. Mr. Becker would do well to check out his own clichés before picking too many more mad bulls. I suggest the film. So did the audience. So did Peter Mueller.

—DANE BROOKS,
Burlington, B.C.

Once and only once

I am writing in regard to two statements in your article *Some Rooms to Cry at Home* (World, Nov. 30). You say "... it is sobering to consider that, unlike people in most Western democracies, Canadians can be tried over and over again for the same criminal offence." This is incorrect. A person can only be tried once and on one charge with respect to one criminal act. The next sentence states that "Canadian" laws are ruled by hundreds of administrative boards and tribunals which operate in secret and from which there is no appeal." I suspect this is also incorrect, at least in terms of the word "hundreds," but without knowing the basis for making such a statement I cannot be certain. However, it is at least misleading as a generality.

—H. ALAN DEAR,
Deputy Attorney-General,
Province of Ontario

Credibility where it's due

Just a short note to thank you for the informative articles your magazine has had in the past few weeks proving ingratitude to the very real situation of Western Canada. Two last full 8 mm intelligent, well-edited people from Ontario and Quebec who said the West has always been very well off, and it seemed that all the West was interested in doing was to make Ontario and Quebec pay more for their goods and I found this attitude in the culture of the people most frightening. At least Maclean's is trying to do something to overcome a complete lack of awareness that the West has now, and has had for a long time, some very real grievances.

—HELEN ARBORE,
Vancouver

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply their full name and address, and mail correspondence to: Letters to the Editor, Maclean's magazine, 100 University Ave., Toronto, Ontario M5W 1A7.

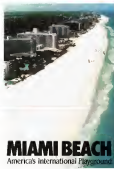
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MAI

It's time to stop the carousel

'We should get on with more immediate and pressing problems'

By Edward McWhinney

It is extraordinarily difficult to achieve agreement on a new constitution except in those rare periods of national euphoria, and hence of national consensus, that follow some electrifying event. Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau was right. I think, to be skeptical about whether it was worth the trouble to try to achieve a new Canadian constitution prior to the Quebec referendum. Fifty-three years of abortive discussion to date have surely been sufficient demonstration of that truth. Trudeau was also right to conclude immediately after the Quebec vote that it might be new or never, but not wise, perhaps, in deciding to go beyond a simple and direct response to the Quebec referendum vote, recognition of the "French fact" within Quebec and the according to Quebec of the quite limited additional constitutional powers over language and culture necessary to protect and extend that fact.

There is sufficient magnanimity with regard to the French fact in English-speaking Canada for Trudeau to have been able to carry the day and, if need be, assume reluctant English-speaking provinces into silence. In fact, the Pepin-Robarts commission had supplied him with a graceful constitutional solution: general constitutional norms accompanied by an opt-in or opt-out formula that would allow obstinate provinces to take their time, allowing public opinion to educate them.

In going beyond a simple response to the Quebec referendum vote, Trudeau opened a Pandora's box of more general constitutional problems on which no national consensus had yet emerged. Switzerland, with 15 years of similar constitutional labors, seems to be concluding, reluctantly, that Western post-industrial society is too much in transition and is conflict as to what it really wants, which makes any attempt at a simple declaratory act of the Canadian Parliament with perhaps moral sanction of popular approval in a Canada-wide referendum vote?

After reputation we should have a moratorium on constitutional debates, and get on with other, more immediate and pressing problems. If we should take the constitution away from the provincial premiers and any new parliamentary post-conventions, and turn it over to the people, preferably by way of a popularly elected constituent assembly with plenary powers. That would be participatory democracy at its best, and it is also the route followed by those other liberal democratic societies that have managed to adopt a wholly new constitutional charter for themselves in our modern era.

Edward McWhinney QC is a professor of public law and political science at Simon Fraser University in Vancouver.

new constitutional charter in societies like our own, are re-examined within a very brief time span. The decision to go on to yet another parliamentary committee brought predictable misfortunes. Inadequate leadership within the joint committee saw an attempt to rethink material already covered in depth in the masterful analyses of the Pepin-Robarts commission and in the conflict Lamer-Guyon-MacGuigan report, both published as recently as 1979 and seemingly agreed by the members of this latest committee.

Except for attractive new faces like the Indian peoples and the big-city mayors, the joint committee has broken no new ground, but simply opened the floodgates to special pleaders for pressure groups, lobbyist organizations and self-proclaimed expert witnesses darning off the same old briefs of yesterday. As a national approach to finding what

Canadians want in a new constitution, this latest joint committee falls far short of the standards of Pepin-Robarts and Lamer-Guyon-MacGuigan, and even makes the provincial premiers' horse-trading approach seem sophisticated by comparison.

Trudeau did not help by his Bill of Rights, with its heavy Germanic style and "weasel word" exceptions that take away a right at the same time as it is conferred. In spite of the hassles with which the mildly amended bill was greeted by several officials, it has none of the limpid clarity of dictation of the American Bill of Rights or the French Declaration of the Rights of Man. If you are going to accept the political claim of acting unilaterally, why not give the people something worth fighting for?

As for the "London connection," in view of Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's unexpected difficulties in rallying even her own party faithful in support of partition, one wonders if Trudeau would have done better to encourage going opt-in-bound to London in favor of a simple declaratory act of the Canadian Parliament with perhaps moral sanction of popular approval in a Canada-wide referendum vote?

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Edward McWhinney QC is a professor of public law and political science at Simon Fraser University in Vancouver.



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Barbs for the cinema



Críticos are responsible for the low quality of films

Considered the most radical member of the New Wave of French cinema and the most influential filmmaker of the 60s, Jean-Louis Godard began his assault on classic cinema in 1960 with *Breathless*. Over the next seven years, probing its immature features, Godard's influence on the face of film was so dramatic that critic Richard Roeck has pronounced, "There is cinema before Godard and after Godard. Perhaps not progress, but a fundamental change." But after the spontaneous *Weekend* in 1967, Godard's increasingly experimental work became increasingly abstract and noncommercial, often devoted to Marxist polemics and gradually he slipped from public favor. Now, at 66, Godard is writing a semi-autobiographical novel in collaboration with Every Man for Himself. He ends with Maclean's associate editor Ann Johnston recently in Toronto.

Maclean's: You say that movies today are the worst in history. Why is that?

Godard: The answer is simple: good movies are only made when a country is in bad shape. I once wondered why Italian movies were so fine around the time of Rossellini's *Rome, Open City*.

Why Italy? It was just after the Second World War and the Italians had not lost like the Germans, nor won like the Allies. They were seeking. The only seed of their legitimacy could come from a totally new image to relay to the rest of the world. Movie-making is the only industry of tomorrow because it was done through paintings, as in the painting of Germany before the rise of Hitler, when they were so distressed they didn't know where to go. *Poland* is now in turmoil and they are seeking their reflection. As a result, there are 10 good Polish movies right now, in America. I am not sure there is one.

Maclean's: Has American never needed its reflection of movies?

Godard: There has never been a new concept of film-making in America, although the conception of cinema itself was here. The Depression came in the

30s and 40s and with it came good movies like *Scarface*, movies that served as models to the whole industry—like an old mythology.

Maclean's: Has your been American, would your films have been different?

Godard: I am the only American filmmaker in exile. American films are my parents.

Maclean's: What do you think of the American film *Apocalypse Now*?

Godard: Francis Coppola is an interesting filmmaker, but the film is like one by *Scarface* or *Apocalypse*; we could do much better but we are not pressed to. Instead we seek engravings in our categories. I exaggerate being too lonely, being in the margin of film-making.

Maclean's: If Americans don't need this image, then what is the point of American movie-making?

Godard: There should be far fewer films made here. Hollywood studios are trying to build a prototype picture that will please everyone. In this way, they are

worse. Confronted that the Russians are pictures for all. They find the movies should only entertain, and in the worst way; now the entertaining is even going wrong. The way Robert Redford spends money to produce a picture should not be the only way to make a film. Cinema should not have rules.

Maclean's: You made a reputation as a rule-breaker in 1969 with *Breathless*. Profound Karl said that to do this, you were like *James Joyce*, portraying all those around you.

Godard: Joyce didn't portray his, yes, I did. It was especially ruthless, doing things others never dared to. But now all that is over. For a long time my audience was movie-makers, movie buffs—not a real audience. But with *Every Man*, it is different.

Maclean's: Why have you called *Every Man* your second film?

Godard: So that I will have something to say to the newspapers, a key to opening the door together. It was a first experience for the second time, and yet more a continuation than a return. It was as if I were entering the same old apartment but from the window.

Maclean's: Has your return to film-making been frustrating?



Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg in *Breathless*'s finale in the suburbs

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A superior tasting rye.



PRIVATE
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The question is, what are you going to do about it? If you've never smoked, or if you've quit smoking, we're not urging you to start.

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To put it simply, Vantage still tastes like a cigarette.

Vantage. That is the answer.



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Godard: Yes, very. Nothing has changed. In fact, it is almost worse than before. Research in the movie industry is more than forbidden, it's taboo. A director shoots one picture a year, using the camera for two months' time. Movie-making is the only industry where enthusiasm doesn't fade. Pay for a picture is as high as it's ever been. Movies are bad because they don't think along with their seeing. **Kramer:** In Kramer, for instance, was executed from written words—there is no need for a picture because it doesn't add anything. This is why Coppola is good—he is trying to make things move. I mean to make the furniture around in the apartment of film-making.

Masterson's: What do you think of contemporary film critics?

Godard: They are the ones responsible for the low quality of films. They don't send movies as we of the New Wave did. Critics don't send us images the way an audience or a director needs it. They are a false audience. They tell us to respect our audience, but which audience? If a movie is good, you have a good audience.

Masterson's: You used to like *Poulet Rôt*.

Godard: Yes, but not now. It is not possible to comment on so many films a month. Criticizing a movie for me was like making a movie. But today's critics are reviewers, and most of them don't have anything about cinema. They know the stars, but they do not talk about light or music. And they are very powerful because the audience likes to be told what to do and what to think.

Masterson's: Do you think *Every Man* was misunderstood?

Godard: Certainly seen-interpreted. A piano player may interpret Mozart, but he doesn't add meaning to the way you put Chopin in your mouth. Critics just want to know why you did a thing, they don't care what the answer is as long as they have one. I gave Paul Godard my name in *Every Man* just like Voltaire signed the dress of the princess. It didn't mean he was the princess. I would have preferred to give one of the actresses my name, but I was afraid the critics would read the name into it.

Masterson's: You have alienated people with your criticism, including poor old friend François Truffaut.

Godard: I have very few friends because I am still a critic and I tell people what I think. I wish I could speak to Truffaut—we used to be close friends of many making. But he is a great director and I can't blame him because we introduced the idea of the director as artist. Truffaut is a good screenwriter, and one of the best film critics ever, but he is not a good director.

Masterson's: What is the legacy of your early, rebellious film-making?

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Lorenza Bates: Six years old. She dresses as she likes. She has a family on grass mats on the floor. Health poor. No money for doctors. Little chance of change.

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Murkin's: *What drove you from the feature film business?*

Godard: My personal taste was in the margins instead of the centre of the page. There are times when I would like to belong to the centre, but if you do you are chained there. So I accumulated my differences purposely. I knew people wanted to put me in jail so I said "Don't bother I'll put myself there."

Murkin's: *Was being out of touch a joy?*

Godard: Yes, you need contact. There was no use pretending anymore that I was the best director. I needed to do research and I didn't want to be alone so I worked with others on political films like the *Weekend*. We pretended it was work, but it was really a holiday.

Murkin's: *You are now working on a film, *Le Gynge*, and also as a consultant for the introduction of television to Mozambique. What is the importance of these two projects for you?*

Godard: Today, more than ever, films are being made by the big white man in the city and, more than ever, people are looking to America to lead them to movie-making. This must change. At one end of my experience as a film-maker, I used to go to Mozambique, where 99 per cent of the population has never seen an image. I can watch an image code get formed, like a secret. At one end in the dark black image of Mozambique, and on the other the completely white image of California—almost too white, as if the film was burning from overexposure. At the same time I am making a feature about crime and gangster with Bianca Scoppa and Isabelle Huppert. And for Coppola I am studying, in a movie form, the way a script should be made from Jack Kerouac's *On the Road*—a study of an American classic by a European. It is an opportunity to explore my present, too, an opportunity for self-analysis.

Murkin's: *There is a scene in *Every Man's War* where a girl refuses to choose between two men. Does this refer to your fear of being pigeonholed?*

Godard: When I was involved in politics, I thought I had to choose between left and right. Now I don't want to choose. Maybe I have chosen not to give up. I have the feeling that I am about to do my big work, a work like perhaps *William Faulkner's*. It is like I am just landing in the beautiful world of narrative, just taking out my cigarettes, ready to get off. ☐

Decriminalization of Marijuana. Let's understand all of the issues before it gets carved in tablets of stone.



Sometime in 1980, the House of Commons will debate a bill which will decriminalize the possession of marijuana.

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Let's ask ourselves and our elected representatives if we have enough facts to justify such a far-reaching move at this time.

If, in our enthusiasm for freeing young people from the stigma of a criminal record, we aren't at the same time condemning them to a self-inflicted death.

And equally to the point, if laws as they apply to cannabis should not be changed to mirror existing statutes that provide stiff penalties for carrying open bottles of liquor or beer in a motor vehicle.

Allstate urges you to consider these issues.

Before they get carved in tablets of stone.



The tattered fabric of the city's homeless

Some have given up the ghost and lie down in privacy to die



By Lawrence O'Toole

Scouts blow from a grating up into the bitter winter air. In its billows is a woman enthroned on a heap of shopping bags, rubbing her hands and shivering. Down on the Bowery and up on the West Side there are others, and you can watch them hugging themselves to keep warm. They are young and old, male and female, wrapped in rags, and they sleep in alleyways, bus shelters, alleyways, deserted piers and abandoned buildings. They are one of New York's largest minorities: the homeless, the displaced, whose numbers are conservatively estimated at about 30,000, about 30,000 of these men. To not, most of these surge through garbage cans the way children open presents. The majority of the city's homeless, also known as derelicts, bums, bag ladies and street people, are people who have been discharged from mental institutions and have nowhere to go. Some are merely down on their backs; others, for a multitude of reasons, have given up the ghost and lie down somewhere in privacy to die.

Other American cities have large homeless populations (an estimated 10,000 in Washington, 8,000 in Baltimore, 4,000 in Boston), but New York knows the limit's share. The problem, in



Bag lady Lisa (above), toothless-decayed limbs: nowhere to go

fact, has been so visible that over a year ago the volunteer division of the Legal Aid Society filed a class action suit in the state Supreme Court against both city and state, charging that their statutory responsibilities had not been honored. Though the city protested, the court ordered that it (with the aid of the state) provide an additional 250 beds for homeless men. In addition to regarding the limits on occupancy at cheap lodging houses (also known as floph-

houses and 800 hotels), the city took over an abandoned building on Ward's Island, formerly the site of Manhattan State Psychiatric Center, now called the Keener building, where so many as 600 men sleep each night.

Not impressed with the results of the suit, the volunteer division of the Legal Aid Society, along with an umbrella group, has asked that the city be charged with contempt of court for failing to provide adequate and clean shelter for the destitute. "We place a great deal of the blame on the city for its housing policy," says Larry Pearson, a spokesman for Legal Aid, referring specifically to a tax abatement law that provides incentives for the conversion of old rooming houses, including some hotels, into luxury apartments. What with so many parts of the city being "rehabbed" and given that the rental turnover in New York is now estimated at one per cent, it's not unreasonable to assume that the numbers of homeless will increase. The 500 hotels, now estimated at 150, once a last-ditch



haven for the destitute, are disappearing at such a rapid rate that the Crisis Intervention Services of New York projects their extinction by 1994.

"There is enough shelter for 1,500 homeless men out of 30,000," says Pearson. Two major shelters in Manhattan, the city, The Men's Shelter and The Women's Shelter, have been criticized for being underfunded and tending to have the same old, at times, dangerous atmosphere of an antiquated prison. This winter it has been a case of no room at the inn in many instances. Charitable organizations such as The

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FOLLOW-UP

Not down, not out

Syd Brown is one of those people who just won't stay down and take the coast. Despite a heart attack and an exhausting two-year legal fight that threatens to drag on even longer, Brown is still in there slugging, and last month he won an important round in his fight to regain his job as police chief. The Ontario Court of Appeal granted him leave to appeal the report that led to his dismissal.

Brown was fired as chief of the Waterloo regional police department in



Brown: 'I'm fighting for my job'

January, 1979, after Ontario Police Commission hearings revealed incidents of brutality. He had served as chief for just over two years, winning the loyalty of nonunion but antagonizing senior members of the force. The Waterloo Regional Police Commission had plucked Brown from the ranks of the Metro Toronto force while he was a well-known union leader but still a mere constable.

One of Brown's first acts as chief was to organize a elite tactical squad—the squad that was later charged with beating and torturing members of a motorcycle gang in a March, 1978, raid. The raid on the gang's headquarters and other acts of brutality were condemned in the Ontario Police Commission report. Brown, as the man at the top, got the axe.

He still contends that his men did not

use excessive force, that policemen nowadays must have some room to work without the politicians looking over their shoulders. "I don't advocate a police force without any civilian oversight," he says. "That's not a police force, that's a police state." But in his case, he says, the same people who found it politically advantageous to have him dumped from where it appeared an equally wise political move "I guess they figured I wouldn't fight it," he says. "Most people who fight city hall usually give up."

Not only has Brown not given up, he

has irritated the regional police commission that fired him whenever he has had the chance. He got the court to order his salary reinstated in September, 1979, and continued receiving his \$45,000 a year until last October. At one point he even asked for a raise. Now he's asking for retroactive pay, with a raise, plus damages. His appeal will probably be heard in March. Brown estimates the government has spent over \$300,000 trying to make his dismissal stick. "But what I want most is my job back," he says. "I'm not fighting only in principle, I'm fighting for my job." —Ken Brown



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THIS CANADA

When the chips are down

The timeless allure of bingo is alive and well



Player at Dabco Social Club an addiction

In church halls, schools, leagues and other hallowed gathering places across the land, heads are daily bowed and eyes lowered in rapt and reverent attention. As the ritual begins, grooves in the floor are scratched or blazed, fingers cross, knuckles whitened and ears strain as all prey devoutly for the hap-piest of outcomes. As the ritual and chant proceed, a silence of deep and sweetest portent descends, a hushed and charged atmosphere envelopes the faithful till the moment of revelation and blessed release arrives.

"Bingo" shouts one of the rapt throng, and the assembly dissolves into unseasoned chatter. A game is over, another about to begin. "Eyes down for a full hour," shouts the caller above the clatter of air-blown balls bearing the bingo numbers. In some cases, the eyes stare ahead and fingers only just lightly across the boards. Bingo has its blind devotees, like William Chastellaine of Winnipeg, who brings his own braided card and froggots three or four bingo clubs a week. Bingo—or honey-honey as British players term it—has lost none of its appeal in the 100 years since it was thought up, and is even finding a wider following as a fund-raiser. At hundreds of community clubs across Canada, bingo profits pay for heating, lighting, equipment and maintenance. Jack Balderson of Play-All Bingo Supply House in Winnipeg says

the game's popularity really took off eight years ago as a money-raiser for non-profit organizations. In many areas addicts can play any day of the week, including Sundays, while stay-at-home can play through the newspapers, on TV or radio.

"I'd say 90 per cent of our regulars are female, and of those 40 per cent make the winners," says Jack Putnam, who occasionally calls numbers at the Riverside Casino and City Club in suburban Winnipeg. Putnam doesn't play the game, but says he sometimes feels as a powerful politician must, with the throng hanging on his every word, some mouthing silent numbers and groans. "You get the old laugh at the beginning—perhaps by saying 'Oops, I dropped my balls'—but on the whole it's very serious. When only a few numbers are left you can watch the tension mount visibly. A puff of cigarette smoke begins to descend from the ceiling and you can cut the atmosphere with a knife."

During such a "sweet," hands reach for lucky talismans, which include clusters wishbones, rubber paws, plastic elephants (which must face the caller), mice, figurines and locks of hair. Even little boys may bring luck. Kathy Powell, a Riverside regular, has a redheaded son. "Touching a redheaded



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An introduction

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Hausner downs a good luck charm

boy's hair is supposedly lucky and all kinds of women would rush up and touch him at Hausner's," she says. "It got so bad that he began wearing a hat sweater and waster to hide his hair. One group of North West ladies even asked me to clip his hair and send them locks."

On Tuesday nights about 120 attend Bourkeville. Tables spread through the hall, into the kitchen and down into the basement, all linked through an intercom. "For \$5 to \$6 it's a cheap night out and I like the company," says Doris Jurewicz. Another Bourkeville regular, Willem Halland, carries more than a dozen lucky charms, including four-leaved clovers, horseshoes, a rabbit's foot and even her nephew's minor hockey league badge. "I don't know if they work but I like to think they do," she laughs.

Bourkeville, however, is a high-league barge for the seasoned pros. Far from the only real game in town is to be found Thursday evenings at the Dubuc Social Club of St. Boniface, held in the great gymnasium of Holy Cross elementary and secondary schools. Spread over two floors, including a no-smoking area, the game attracts up to 1,500 when jackpots hover between \$4,000 and \$5,000. One per cent of the penny barge "take" goes straight to Catholic missionsaries, while the rest, around \$80,000 last year, helps pay for education in the Diocese. Run by volunteers, the club is celebrating its 25th anniversary this year. At Dubuc everything is businesslike, jokes rare. "We have to appear professional at all times," explains building manager Bob Hausner. "Large men are avoided. Any hint of sloppiness and they'd give us hell." They do anyway, screaming if a number caller goes too fast or too slow. Some players arrive early to claim their lucky seat or pick a lucky board. For sure, any card with 13 on it is cursed. Others demand those with the numbers 7 and 11 on it. "It's something of a ritual," says Hausner, as

two city buses drop another batch of barge regulars. "One little old lady is very short and sits on two chairs stacked together. She insists on the same seat every time and even phones ahead to make sure we've reserved it." Most of the evening's 10 games bring prizes of \$100, though the jackpot provides a prize ranging from \$3,900 to \$4 numbers to \$5,200 in 45 numbers. As it cranks up each week, so does attendance.

A passing knowledge of barge barge is essential: the jacket game, an empty house, means filling the outer border of

the card, a postage stamp means four spaces in a corner, and a wye house is the small square around the centre. Hausner, high priest for the first five games, takes his place on the empty stage and the hubbub turns to hush. On stage, two players check the balls to make sure all are present and correct. Then, with a clack and a cluster the tumbling cascade begins, the numbered universe doubtless unfolding as it should, horseshoes, clover leaves and plastic elephants notwithstanding. Dubuc is a business case here.

—PETER CARLYLE-GORDON

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CANADA

Days of knives and roses

'We won't draw our weapons into a circle and shoot inwards'



By Ian Anderson

Peggy Merritt was quietly angry for days afterward. The Toronto housewife had been in the lounge of the Scarborough Golf and Country Club where, curtains drawn and the door closed to the green, Joe Clark spent an evening last month trying to rally disident Conservatives to his cause. Clark seemed to make some progress and, so Maurice McTeer's heated expressed amazement, twice delayed his plane home. For all the frankness and warmth in the room, Mr. Merritt was charged differently than Clark must have. "These people will come home warmly with one hand and stab her in the back with the other."

It is an eerily quiet Conservative party to which Joe Clark is appealing. Feb. 27 it will assemble some 2,000 voting delegates in Ottawa to decide whether to force a leadership convention upon this man who, for nine months, was Canada's 19th and youngest prime minister. "When it's so quiet like this, you know people have made up their minds," an Ontario organizer muttered cynically last week. Even those closest to Clark feel he will be lucky to get even 50 percent support from 78 per cent of the delegates—and that much only on the understanding that there will be another vote before the next election. But feelings in the party are so fluid now that Clark could fall well below that figure. "I love Joe Clark," professes Peter Bellamy, an on-

their pockets. "There's a general feeling that party unity must be needed," explains Bob Corbett, a New Brunswick MP who advocates a review to clear any doubt about the leadership. "But I don't think that's a true reflection of what will happen when people get in that voting booth." This "Flora syndrome" weighs heavily on Clark's mind these days, the reference being to Flora Macdonald's humiliation at the 1975 Tory leadership convention when 350 smiling Flora supporters, bottom blasting, entered the voting booths and only 344 votes emerged. For Clark the fear is not of a fatal stab in the back by a party prince but death by 1,000 pringles, each administered anonymously in the voting booth.

If so Britain has emerged, the obvious challenges have made themselves ob-



Clark fighting Liberals last week (top). Disenfranchising off Conservatives, 1996: fear of death by 1,000 pringles

decided delegate from Ontario's Grey County. "But if the Canadian public feels he's not a leader, then I guess I have to put in personal feelings aside." "In a perverse way it might be better if someone did challenge Clark," insists Clark's chief of staff, Bill Neville. "He's running against some nebulous concept of the ideal leader, not someone whose warts you can get at."

The official opposition comes in the form of the Toronto-based 40 review committee. But this group of right-wingers has done little more than give the issue same focus through its newsletters. Tom conspires to infiltrate to keep their "review" battens in

view. "In Ontario you can tell the leadership hopefuls because they're talking Berles French, and in Quebec because they're on the wagon," said a Tory insider. John Crooks spent a month preparing a major speech in Toronto because last month at the Atlantic City, a speech billed as his "coming out as a serious candidate." Clark's former finance minister then left for a month's vacation in South Africa, leaving his loyal Newfoundland delegation waiting for directions. Also taking leave of the review for a month was Brian Mulroney, president of Montreal's Iron Ore Company. Mulroney has been gravely with regional Tory kingpins and has let it be known that the Liberals offered to take him out of the race by giving him the presidency of the new post office corporation. He declined. The Toronto favorite, David Crombie, has been content to throw his support and his politi-

Maclean's
FEB. 15, 1996

cal lieutenants behind his Ottawa residence, Chris Speyer, who is running for president of the 40 Association. Coalition supporters would like to put another pair or two between the former "tiny perfect man" and his 1979 heart attack, assumed to have been major.

It is upon such expedient support as Gendreau that Clark's hopes for survival, however tenuous, appear to rest. "The only thing that's going to save Joe Clark's bacon is mature thinking," professes one veteran apparition. It's a line that Clark's people themselves admit is the most effective. "Overriding everything is the tremendous desire to be paid



Clark winning the leadership in 1976 and McTavish campaigning for the future prime minister in 1979, addressing a mass club, majority.



by publicly exonerating Joe Clark," argues Neville, who leaves Clark's staff after the meeting, himself a victim of party frustration following Clark's defeat. Still crystalline in the party assembly in Dalton Camp's drive to overthrow John Diefenbaker in 1956 and Diefenbaker's subsequent vendetta which split the party under Robert Stanfield. "We won't draw our wages into a circle and shoot ourselves," insists Kesteven riding president Bill MacDonald. Paradoxical is the view that the party must be more "ruthless" or, synonymously, "Liberal." "We make ourselves the issue if we do," says Clark, replying one of the leader's staunchest caucus supporters, Toronto MP John Bosley. "The Liberals must be sitting over there just chattering." But the escape hatch is the premise that there will be yet another chance to get at Clark.

Being warned to this new pragmatism is the grim outlook for the party painted by its pollster, Allan Gregg. He says that public perception of the Tories is of a moribund organization, introspective, cranks and old-fashioned. A leadership coup would only confirm "about thirty in the public eye" that the party's "representativeness" is declining as the voting public grows steadily younger. "To do things like voting against the John Lennon resolution, that puts the post-war generation," argues a senior Tory, taking a swipe at John Giosio, the 40 review committee leader, whose "no" vote quashed the unanimity required to pass

a Commons resolution standing opposite to the co-South's widow. The arguments and reasons, however through a halfhearted party that has still not really woken up to the vision over the sudden fall of Clark's infant government. The lacking spirit may have disappointed but the very real fear lingers that the party could get caught with Clark in another election, and that four years out of power could become eight, and the eight become 16. Clark's staff maintains he has the support of his caucus, but that number only 60 of the 100 Tory members loyal enough to be sent out on the business for him. Few of his former strikers have embraced him without reservation.

Clark's core of strength, the West, so-

Leadership review's gamble: his vote on the John Lennon question.



minus despite opposition from some Alberta members. There has stands on energy and constitutional issues are applauded and the consensus with Pierre Trudeau is less obvious than in Ontario or the Atlantic provinces, his weakest fronts. Like Diefenbaker, Clark has never felt comfortable with Toronto. The city has not given an inner cabinet post or a senator to Clark, and some patronage was withheld. New Brunswick got neither a senior cabinet post nor a parliamentary secretary.

Where Clark did prove the wheels, a certain loyalty lingers. Most Quebec delegates will support the leader, though the Montreal lawyers and Anglo-Quebecers stick for Mulroney. But rural francophones, such as Paul-André Bouchet of St. Georges de Beauce, see Clark as sympathetic to Quebec. Too clear in their memory of Diefenbaker's and Stanfield's clumsy efforts in the province. For Clark the problem is that few Quebecers feel he has any chance to make good until Pierre Trudeau retires and, because of this, only a fraction of the potential Quebec delegates will spend the \$750 or so they estimate the venture will cost.

The attention Clark lavished on the Conservative youth should also pay dividends. About 1,000 young PCs will meet two days before the main convention and their local roles have been judged so that it will cost the nothing extra to stay for the main event. Placed strategically through the Ottawa Civic Centre, these under-30 delegates will lead the cheers and toss the balloons. While only half the youth are voting delegates, Clark's people guess their loyalty will swing the close-runners to Clark.

In the days beforehand, Clark will venture into the "queer" as much as he can without seeming to grovel. The trouble spots are identified, he will try to rectify them. Far from his mind now his advisers claim, is any thought of trying to defuse the situation by calling himself for a leadership review. He is prepared to soldier toward a "respectable majority," which he hopes will reach 70 per cent. It would be almost impossible for him to win a leadership race in which every other candidate was trying to justify his candidacy by pointing out the fail on the Joe. Yet when all is said and done, and the results are announced as Tories drink and dance in their vote "social," there seems little chance of preventing what Bill Neville describes as the worst-case scenario for Clark and his party: "a limp handshaker, or the impression he has a miserable job to lead the store."

Vote this from Andrew Davis and Bruce Bennett in Ottawa, Dale Fisher in Ottawa, David Fisher in Fredericton and Gosselt Gosselt in Vancouver.

In for a penny, but not for a pound

By Robert Lewis

In Pierre Trudeau, the celebrated international statesman, playful fast and loose with Margaret Thatcher's words? As a parliamentary committee in Ottawa extended sitting to complete its final report by this week, the evidence pointed to disarming by one prime minister—and it appeared to be Trudeau. At issue is whether Thatcher undertook in a meeting with

pro Partisan, shared by Sir Anthony Kershaw, unanimously agreed Thatcher to report Trudeau's constitutional package until the Canadian PM was ready to support it at home. Trudeau belittled the 81-page report and insisted that it was not supported by the Thatcher government. "I have the word of the prime minister," Trudeau insisted.

But did she know then what she knows now—as that previous episode Trudeau's scheme in the courts and that a majority of people in a recent poll oppose a charter of rights adopted in Westminster, instead of by consensus among Ottawa and the provincial governments? Trudeau charged last week

newsmen and to have refused to give complete and final independence to one of its former colonies when that was requested." Reminded of the other version last June, Trudeau looked as uncomfortable as he ever does and replied: "Well, you really have to see that. It must have been with a beeline tongue in a cheek." Then, as if to bury the lapse in a sea of red herrings, Trudeau denounced Kershaw, blamed the promoters for foot-dragging and suggested he might just call an election to test support for his package.

The rhetorical flourish and go-dance barely concealed signs of an emerging tension in Britain. The Kershaw report, despite evasions of make-work for idle media minds, will have weight along the back benches. In the Thatcher government, serious doubts already abound about pushing the Canadian package through Parliament—only because it is a non-vote political proposition. Rather this month, in fact, Francis Pym, Thatcher's savvy new House leader, informed Canada's high commission in London, Jon Woods, that there is virtually no chance the Trudeau package, as it, will pass this year. As for Trudeau, who refuses nothing so much as an historical gift: "I will stay around until it is done." □



Trudeau at press conference, Thatcher one assembling PM.



Trudeau last June, to expedite patriation of a new Canadian constitution, knowing that the package would contain a controversial charter of rights and that it would be opposed by most of the provinces. There are two conflicting scenarios—Trudeau's and sources at Westminster.

The discrepancy developed at the British after a select committee of the Brit-

ish "she knew" that it was "quite possible that we would have to accept without the support of the provinces" and that the package would contain a controversial charter. Now, according to a report in the Toronto Globe and Mail, which had the earmarks of a leak delivered from the highest levels of the Thatcher government. According to that dispatch, Thatcher did not undertake to support a package that included a charter, or which lacked significant backing from the provinces and the public. A well-placed Downing Street official would say: "It was a private conversation and I can't take you any further than that."

Strangely, last June after meeting with Thatcher at Downing Street, Trudeau's account of the meeting differed dramatically from what he said last week. In June, asked if Thatcher expressed concern that Ottawa and the provinces were at odds on the constitution, Trudeau replied: "That's an hypothesis that I didn't ask her to examine and that I don't believe she did examine." But what was Trudeau's account of the private session one week further on? Did Thatcher know about the charter and provincial opposition, but he told her, "It would be folly for Britain to remain in the Con-

Time for a flier on Persian rugs

The Canadian embassy in Tehran, a block-long building at 37 Daryoon-Noor Avenue, has not been utterly empty since Ambassador Ken Taylor smashed the office equipment and walked out a year ago. Every day it has been haunted by some of the 20 locally hired security employees who stayed behind and have been getting their Canadian paycheques through the Danish embassy. Now, with the American hostages home at last, Ottawa is going through to installing its Tehran post. "We need a few more cleaners. Even before the hostages leave out of Iran last month Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau was telling the Commons that Canada should 'move toward a normalisation of relations with Iran as soon as possible.' Backing off a bit, External Affairs Minister Mark MacGillivray later denuded, saying that restoring relations—never formally broken—was a priority and will likely take months. Sam McGaughey "Like their government, the people of Canada will want to wait and see what the government will do. What was expected for sooner, perhaps within weeks, is a lifting of the export embargo declared against Iran last May."

There was, at least in Canada's case,



Canadian embassy behind bars in Tehran. Iran's Ayatollah in Ottawa: no hostility



some ship-sliding under the embargo. Canadian exports to Iran, which had bottomed at \$22.4 million in 1975 in the chaos of the Khomenei revolution, almost doubled last year to \$41.8 million, despite the embargo. The reason: what sales to Iran, says a Tehran, but \$29.9 million in 1980. Experts suspect Canadian wheat replaced reduced flows from the United States—traditionally Iran's largest supplier. Wheat didn't breach the embargo, which was applied to everything but food, medical supplies, personal effects of people moving to Iran and other humanitarian goods. With all sales to Iran requiring permits, the trade department says it refused no permit applications worth \$845,000 and turned aside queries involving more than \$5 million in potential business. Many of the approved permits covered pharmaceuticals, but there was at least one unexpected case of smuggling. Iranian last August seized \$600,000 worth of windshield wipers and other car parts in a Montreal warehouse, U.S.-made and seemingly Iran-bound. That investigation continues. In all, experts last year were far short of the \$300-million typically sold before the ship's flag. "Blue Balloon" last week—presuming \$15 billion in economic stimulatives over the next five years—was clear that a provincial election was imminent. The glider of the unofficial election in July before 308 thousand voters, and a special Queen's Park press corps was noncommittal of grander

services to would-be immigrants. John Sheardown, the embassy staffer who sheltered the six American "hostages" with Ambassador Taylor and two government friends for the immigration department, has a backlog of 350 immigrants waiting to join families in Canada. But, are Iranian authorities willing to forget the bitterness left by the Canadians and to the Americans last year? Iran's change in Ottawa, Ambassador Hossein Adeli, says Tehran harbors "some resentment" of Canada. "But I cannot say there is any hostility." No, he says, in three ways: Canada is fair for diplomats to be convicted. External's personnel office is not weighed with applications for Tehran postings. —JOHN HAY

Ontario

Some oil for the Big Blue Machine

When Tony Peterson, William Davis initiated the Big Blue Balloon last week—presuming \$15 billion in economic stimulatives over the next five years—was clear that a provincial election was imminent. The glider of the unofficial election in July before 308 thousand voters, and a special Queen's Park press corps was noncommittal of grander

Davis' Ansoolt (New) Davis and Cassidy, a worthy example of the old politics?



days in the 1960s when the Ontario throne was a place to stand, brought back to Tony eyes that since then, as opposition critics have constantly reminded the minority Conservative government, Ontario has become a place to rebel.

The revenue plan is an optimistic document designed to create jobs, speed up construction of nuclear plants, provide more urban transit, offer aid to the agricultural, forestry and mineral industries, and make available greater investment in research and development for Ontario firms competing in world markets. The Liberals and New Democrats predictably dismissed the blueprint as a rehash of old ideas and promises. "I think it's particularly preposterous as an example of the old politics," said Liberal leader Stuart Smith. "You will wait this election day and then you come up with something really terrible." New leader Michael Cassidy called Davis' plan a "dirty, updated re-run" for which "the government should be laughed out of office." But Davis is doing the laughing. A recent poll taken in Metropolitan Toronto for the Toronto Star showed that 46 per cent of those polled would vote Conservative, 35 per cent Liberal and 21 per cent New, which would mean that the Tories will almost certainly again be a majority government for the first time since 1971. Since 1977, the Conservatives have held 58 seats, compared with 34 for the Liberals and 33 for the New.

Asked if the provincial initiative was just election profile, Davis, grinning from ear to ear, said, "The government has a responsibility to function even if an election is to be held." His performance at last week's press conference was masterful and proved to be the theme for



leader with a weak image—especially compared with the party's former leader, Stephen Leves. The real question, as the Tories see it, is Smith, the articulate Liberal leader. It remains to be seen whether he can deny the Tories the majority for which they hunger. —WARRICK GORDON

Saskatchewan

Longhouses in high-rise country?

From his portrait on the edge of the desk, John Diefenbaker, bony-armed Indian chief, was a stern figure at the mayor's secretary as she brings in 15 copies of a draft agreement among the government of Canada, the city of Prince Albert and the Peter Ballantyne Indian band. "I'll tell you that," warns Mayor Dick Spencer, thumbing through one of the copies. "If the government goes through with this there will be an explosion heard from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It will divide the Indian and white people of this city."

Chief Jack Casper and his 250-member Ballantyne band have launched a land claim survey in Indian lands and undoubtedly explode enough to shake

up more than the Diefenbaker eyebrow on Mayor Spencer's desk. The Ballantynes also own a substantial acreage through leasing and fishing on a mapped lake-dotted reserve of indeterminate size in the Canadian Shield country of northeastern Saskatchewan. It is Casper's stand that under the terms of Treaty 6, signed in 1876, 255,000 unsurveyed acres were to be transferred to the band, and he has now convinced Ottawa that 15 acres of it should be established as a sort of urban satellite for "educational purposes" and to diversify the band's base away from the "beef and bison." Proposed location: 400 km southwest in the heart of residential Prince Albert, population 20,000. The land surrounds the Prince Albert Student Residence, a coed 1970s building that has been for 25 years a residential school for native children run by the Federation of Saskatchewan Indians—and still federal property.

"If they just want the land for educational reasons, why not leave it the way it is?" demands Mayor Spencer. "If they get it, they can use it for almost anything they want." "Which is the mayor and his council," sadly behind him in

"Poor Diefenbaker, land like many Canadian Western Canada, was not nationalized from that of its shores (over used for industry) at the time it was officially established by treaty."

Suffer the little children

When Dr. Cameron McQueen packed up his Halifax Medical last week and read that the U.S. Army had sprayed Agent Orange on New Brunswick forests in 1966, he snapped to attention. Just two weeks before, he had released preliminary results of a study that showed evidence of mental retardation among children in New Brunswick is astonishingly high. The link between that and the spraying of Agent Orange, which contained lethal dioxin, proved more than merely tantalizing. "We are very worried about this," said McQueen, an assistant professor of preventive medicine at Dalhousie University, "because we don't have the means for mental retardation worked out. We plan to get more details about the dioxin levels and study information about sprays. Dioxin spraying, the disposal of contaminated industrial waste and other environmental pollutants."

McQueen's survey on mental retardation in the Maritimes shows that 400 children, or one of every 1,000 born between 1949 and 1952 in New Brunswick, have IQs lower than 55 per cent—twice as many as in Nova Scotia. After 15



Bowdoin spy plane and Dr. McQueen: news adds interest to the satellite

months of research neither McQueen nor co-investigator Dr. Matthew Spencer, director of the Atlantic Research Centre for Mental Retardation in Halifax, has been able to explain the discrepancy between the two neighboring provinces, which share the same climate and topography. "The results were very surprising," he said, "and very unexpected."

But New Brunswick does pour far more toxic chemicals over its woodland, in a frustrating and largely futile effort to stop spruce budworms from destru-

ting wood supplies, than any other Atlantic province. Last year, Richard Hatfield's government and pulp and paper companies spent more than \$16 million to spray. Pyrethroids, a nerve poison, and Malathion, a latex rotacide, over 700,000 acres of timberland. Both chemicals have been banned in other nations previously because of their unknown effects on human health—and a suspected connection with Reye's Syndrome in New Brunswick has not yet been explained away. —CAROL BUCHAN

their opposition, occupies up nightmares of the property being developed for residential or even industrial purposes, thus putting costly demands on municipal services.

But the troublesome question is jurisdiction. Sel Sanderson, a former Prince Albert politician and now the impeccably dressed president of the provincial Indian federation, insists the draft agreement only outlines how services such as water and sewers will be purchased from the city and that most other bylaws will not apply. Chief Custer says he can accept the intent of city bylaws but he is adamantly opposed to city police having jurisdiction over the proposed urban reserve. "For over 100 years the RCMP have protected our rights and we believe they should continue to do so." To the mayor, that is precisely the rub. "It is absolutely unreasonable for any one ethnic group—whether Hactans or Frankstonians—to demand specific legal status. This is a legal question, not a racial one." Spencer says he cannot accept a jurisdiction within a jurisdiction, a government within a government. "As long as I'm mayor of this city, there will only be

STUDENT RESISTANCE

CHILDREN AT PLAY
SPEED LIMIT 10 MPH



Mayor Spencer and Indian school student Sanderson and Mayor, an urban outpost

one set of bylaws for all the people."

Third place to the proposed agreement and willing donor of the land, Minister of Indian Affairs and Northern Development John Munro was "very disappointed" at Prince Albert's rejection of it, while he met with leaders of the Indian federation in Regina last week. Spurring he wants to transfer the land "in a spirit of good

will" with the blessings of the city. Munro nonetheless warned in only two familiar Ottawa languages that the city fathers "know perfectly well what we'd like to do and they know we have the power to do it."

Not to be outbid, Mayor Spencer insists. "The city has won, it's all over"—but he might mean when he adds "for now." Prince Albert voters will go to the polls in a municipal by-election this month when some aldermen could find themselves unseated by the native vote, only now getting organized. Though the Hactans' hand still dwells far to the north, Prince Albert's own Indian population numbers a hefty 9,000, to the 22,000 whites.

—TOM FENNEL

Quebec

The crisis that won't go away

Like the black hole in space, Canada's 1978-October Crisis becomes more entangling with each successive investigation. Hardly had the complete report by Quebec Crown Prosecutor Jean-François Duhaime into the separatist kidnappings been published last week than it was surgically cut around—in a co-edited by an actively pair of self-appointed crisis investigators. Duhaime's conclusion that the crisis was the work of a known and limited number of terrorists whose acts were accompanied by police incoherence was attacked as "unreliable" and "misleading" in a full-page article in *Toronto's Globe and Mail* written by erstwhile terrorist police informer Gerald Devaux and his brother-in-law, *Globe* columnist William Johnson Devaux (who now signs himself by the more innocuous "de Vaux"). Devaux became a police informer in November, 1976, after agreeing with terrorist acquaintances to participate in a theft of money from her old company employer. On federal arrest thought, the erstwhile police and was recruited as an informer within the Front de libération du Québec (FLQ). Early in the crisis he told police that one of the kidnappers of British Trade Commissioner James Cross was McGill University student Nigel Hamner. For still unexplained reasons, Hamner was not arrested until last year and is now awaiting sentencing following his plea of guilty.

Devaux and Johnson claim to know of more participants in the kidnap kidnappings than those named by Duhaime's report, which they claim is badly flawed. "More serious than the inconsistencies or even the errors of

hours in flight without refueling. But even the best aircraft eventually become obsolete, and this summer the Argus will be replaced by 18 new Lockheed A-109s worth \$25.3 million each."

Hactans, who have watched planes flying out of the Summerside base since it was opened in 1941, was determined that the Argus would not be forgotten. "This has been a lifetime dream," he says. "We missed the Harvards, the Avengers, the 60-3s and Lancasters. I was determined we weren't going to miss the Argus." His determination was sharpened by the fact that the A-109s will not be flying out of Summerside. Fourteen will be based at Greenwood and four at Comox, while Summerside will get a squadron of two-engineered German trainer aircraft this summer. "Not quite the same," Hactans says.

The memorial Argus was donated by the department of national defence and the two local construction companies that built the structures are being donated the concrete pad on which it will stand, but Hactans is still collecting money for the plaque and the landscaping, which will be completed this spring. And the other 35 Arguses? Though obsolete, they are still serviceable and are on the block for upwards of \$500,000 each. So far there has been some interest, a few countries have nibbled. "Somebody may become the graveyard of the Argus," Hactans says sadly. "Though we can't lose to call it that."

—KINSEY WELLS

*Compared to the 1977 Argus price tag of \$4.5 million.

Hactans and Argus don't say goodbye

her eyes of 415 Squadron in Summerside, and from its sister bases at Greenwood, N.S., and Comox, B.C., the 33 planes also fire hundreds of search and rescue missions as far away as the Arctic looking for missing boats and downed aircraft. The Argus routinely stayed aloft for 24 hours at a stretch and set a record in 1961 of exactly 30

Staying home to roost

For people who aren't rock-ribbed airplane buffs, the Argus aircraft lined up on the runway of the air base at Summerside, P.E.I., look like



nothing more than worn-out rocks from the early days of flight. But to long-time Hactans and Frankstonian citizens, the four-engine Argus is a thing of beauty, an object of affection, even romance. This month, a two-year campaign organized by Hactans, who is operations manager of CBN, the Summerside radio station, will bear fruit as one Argus—old No. 789—is transferred out to the entrance of the air base

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Dervin, Johanson and fellowers Jacques and Paul Rose: more revelations

fact is a consistent bias in favor of incriminating the Cross conspiracy, of reducing the number of people who participated or of minimizing the gravity of the participation of all players but those who went to Cuba or to jail in 1970? The couple say Duchaine thus produced "an unbalanced coverage."

Dervin and Johanson are writing their own account of the October Crisis for eventual publication as a book, a situation caused the Montreal daily *Le Press* to describe their attack on Duchaine's version as "a shocking act of interest." Duchaine himself told Maclean's "It is obvious that they're looking for publicity for their proposed book." Dervin, he said, should not be treated as a dependable source of information. "His press conference was like that."

everything an informer says is very suspect." In any case, Duchaine added, he has proof that during his active inferring, which ended in 1972, Dervin's reports to police were often inaccurate.

Duchaine's report—withheld in part until Hamer's conviction—makes Canada in the autumn of 1970 look like a police state run by the Keystone Kops. Even at the start, police bungled by mistaking the kidnappers of Cross, releasing "messiahs of Great Britain" and "conspirators of Greece." He says there still is no acceptable explanation for the 39-year delay in charging Hamer with the kidnapping and he repeatedly refers

when he calls "the young woman," without explaining her escape from arrest.

Simultaneously with the release of the full Duchaine report, Montreal witnessed a reunion and political rally by former PQ terrorists when Paul Rose, the convicted killer of provincial Labor Minister Pierre Laporte, was released from prison for the day to attend the funeral of his mother, Ross Rose. Paul Rose, according to the Duchaine report, was not even present at the time of Laporte's death, but he has never cleared his conscience. While historians sang nationalist songs and the coffin of Ross Rose, which had been draped on the banner of the 1965 pot-smoking rebels, was lowered into the ground, mystery still shrouded October, 1970, Canada's

The bull jumped over the moon

G arnie all those madmen, forcing his underweight, scholastic body of trembling boards, well, let's face it, a bull is not the kind of guest who would be welcome at the opening of a china shop. And old Ferdinand does not spring readily to a scientist's mind compared to his surgically adjusted brethren, the steers, who spend their brief lives happily wandering, unsexed waiting to become their original. That is that Mick Price has a tough haul ahead of him in trying to promote bull meat as something more high-toned than beefsteak, the traditional end product of Frank's male world.

What Price, an associate professor of animal sciences at the University of Alberta, has in mind is everything from a Roll Mac to selfish pig. Trouble is, Ferdinand's boarish reputation aside, consumers have a mind-lock on beef as something that is red-and-bull meat tends toward the dark side of purple



Pink that, Price has both explanation and solution. Bulls, he explains, have been allowed to keep their cherished testicles and the masculinity competes sex urges that accompany them. Penning strange bulls together just before slaughter brings out the worst in their belated nature, they suffer from extreme emotional stress, which triggers

a flow of adrenaline which, in turn, prevents the normal post-mortem conversion of muscle tissue into lean, tender, red cuts of beef. But Ferdinand with bulls he likes, however, and he will co-operatively offer up the makings of beefsteak/potatoes. As long as he doesn't get a good look at the knife



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A love of labors lost

Canadian labor relations may be rough in the crush of higher wage demands



By Giffian Mackay

Large black and white signs left behind by workers flung in the early morning wind. A shroud of the latest strike bulletins had been wedged during the night between the ends of the green metal fence by the emergency entrance to Toronto's Western Hospital. "Keep up the pressure...it's working," the bulletins exhorted the strikers, who took up their marching vigil Friday for the fifth day. That morning, however, the Ontario Society Guard issued a very different kind of message, a temporary injunction against the illegal strike that ordered the 5,000 nonmedical workers back on the job. Although some loiterers obeyed the order, the majority of workers, all members of the Canadian Union of Public Employees (CUPE), refused to go back without a settlement. Said Grace Hartman, national CUPE president, "There comes a time when you have to dig your heels in." At 50 hospitals in Ontario suffered under the strain, Vancouver citizens found themselves Friday morning garbage collection, mail and sewer maintenance or library and recreational services. The walkouts by 5,000 Vancouver civic workers followed strikes in five other B.C. municipalities. Said Bernice Kari, a strike co-ordinator in Vancouver,

"The employer has had his last chance. Now we'll show we mean business."

The conflicts of last week forebode what is expected to be a rough year for

Chrysler's Windsor plant (above). CUPE's Grace Hartman, here for shopping at Toledo



bargaining. Real wages (adjusted for inflation) have dropped by four per cent since 1977, and economists predict a further erosion in purchasing power in 1982. Confronting a rebellious wage force will be corporations pleading poverty and governments pleading restraint. Says Kenley Cummings, national secretary-treasurer of CUPE, "There's no doubt that the government is taking a harder line. It was areas reasonable settlements are being reached, but in general we are having a difficult bargaining year."

Although 1981 will see fewer contracts come up for bargaining than in any year since 1976, it will be a heavy negotiating year for the public sector, including 40,000 postal workers and 45,000 Ontario government employees. John Kerrin, director of the University

of Toronto's Centre for Industrial Relations, believes that settlements will be achieved more easily in the private sector where workers will consider their demands because of high unemployment and low economic growth. "You can see right away that it's going to be a tough year for management in the public sector and for unions in the private sector." This theory was borne out in the events of last week. While 3,700 hospital nurses in New Brunswick won a 41-per-cent wage increase over 24 years after the ending a province-wide strike, Chrysler Canada workers voted to be a narrow margin to accept a 21-month wage freeze. At all March, they will also lose cost-of-living increases worth \$1.15 an hour, so that the net result will be a reduction in wages.

Charles Garneau, an economist for the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, agrees that the experience of wage and price controls, imposed in 1975 when annual wage increases had risen to 17 per cent, and shaky economic conditions have made workers "more understanding about the way the system works. The examples of Massé-Ferguson and Chrysler have shaken people up and made them realize that these big companies really can go under. There's a limit to how much you can milk from the cow." Union leaders, however, are on their guard against too liberal a dose of doses and spin. Says Robert White, director of the United Auto Workers in Canada, "I am concerned about companies trying to take

advantage of the Chrysler trend when they are not at all in the same predicament. They will be a source of danger." As governments and companies worry about pinching profits, economists are concerned that accelerating wage demands will undermine the battle to curb inflation. Negotiated wage settlements jumped to 11.1 per cent in the third quarter of 1980 from 8.1 per



Strikers at Western Hospital in Toronto deal to force their case with the cow

cent in the fourth quarter of 1979. But Douglas Peters, senior economist at the Toronto-Dominion Bank, cautions that the pattern is dangerous at a time of no real growth. "Everyone can't get 50 per cent more when the economy isn't growing 10 per cent more. Inflation just increases and workers are no better off." Sound economic advice as doubt, but in the growing struggle of workers to catch up with inflation, it will almost certainly be ignored.

Charcoal embroiled

It will be the latest strike expert in Canada's history of sanding its oil and steel, and with the agreement of a B.C. steel mill and coal reserves in the Peace River region will finally be developed. The long-awaited signing between a Japanese steel consortium and two mining companies, Teck Corporation of Vancouver and Dominion Steel Ltd. of Toronto, means that a total of 17 million cubic tons of coal are to be exported to Japan over 15 years beginning in the fall of 1983. Negotiations began five years ago and came tantalizingly close to resolution in April but founders in intergovernmental squabbling and disagreements with the Japanese over price.

The Japanese need Canada's coal to reduce their dependence on Australian supplies, but their desire for the coal did not prevent them from driving a hard bargain. They beat down the reported asking price from \$86 to \$76 per ton and prompted the provincial and federal governments to pay almost \$700 call for the development of a B.C. rail line, improvements to the C.N. rail line, construction of a new town and construction of a coal terminal at Prince Rupert. It's a deal that has its critics. Sir Leggat, M.P. and Opposition critic for industry and economic development, said the price of the coal was too low and that the deal was essentially subsidised by B.C. taxpayers. B.C. coal co-ordinator Graham Kennedy says the B.C. government, which will pay \$485



Building road in Denison coal mine in British Columbia, biggest deal in history

million for the construction of a 129-km rail spur line between the coal mines and the C.N. line, but eventually its costs through a surcharge on the coal. But Jack Davis, Social Credit M.P., claims the surcharge won't begin to pay for the railroad without freighters more coal than in the Teck and Denison agreements, and that only a wage in resource development in the region would enable the government to recoup its investment.

The Peace River-Liard district's economic development commission is supporting just such a boom from the improved transportation facilities. Coal hydroelectricity, gas, petroleum exploration and further development of coal leases in the area are strong possibilities. At current production rates, B.C. has enough coal to last 4,000 years, and the richest deposits are in the Peace River region. The Japanese deal could be just the beginning of the boom.

—DEANE LINDEN

Courting interrupted

It should have been a banner week in the political life of Energy Minister Marc Lalonde. Late December, he was to spend Thursday in Calgary unveiling a plan to "Canadianize" Dome Petroleum Ltd., the large independent oil and gas company will about half-owned by foreign shareholders. Then, on Friday, Lalonde was to stage an even bigger coup back in Ottawa: announcing a long-awaited grab by Petro-Canada of a multinational oil company, Belgian-owned Petrolina.

According to plan, Lalonde and "Reddy Jack" Gallagher, Dome's chairman, outlined details of a new \$400-million share offering that will ensure the new Dome Canada in 75 per cent Canadian-owned and then eligible for the full federal oil and gas exploration



Hopper: the deal is interrupted

bon grants on its extensive frontier land holdings.

The Petro-Canada announcement—in spite of elaborate preparations and

high expectations—biff a late-minute snag sometime Friday. However, no one doubts the deal will be concluded successfully this week. The deal—worth \$1.5 billion, Petro-Canada is expected to acquire a 53-per-cent interest in Petrolina's Canadian assets. Touted by many industry analysts as the "perfect target" since Petro-Canada's acquisition program was announced last October, the deal would give Petro-Canada its long-sought retail exposure in Eastern Canada, adding about 1,000 service stations out of Thunder Bay to complement its 366 former Pacific Petroleum outlets across the West—not to mention refining capacity and exploration land holdings as well.

Whether last week's breakdown occurred at Petrolina's directors' meeting in Brussels or around the table in Ottawa—it will likely be forgotten when the extra federal levy to pay for the purchase hits the gas pumps across the country in the months ahead.

—A.W.

Assay does it

It has been a stock market roller coaster ride reminiscent of the wildest tales of rags-to-riches-to-rags in the early era of Canadian "pony mining" euphoria. The ongoing drama of New Cosh Uranium Ltd., which has been unfolding on the Vancouver Stock Exchange to the progress and delight, then dismay, of investors during the past six months, has provided all the elements of a classic tale of mining hopes and heartbreaks. Promoters in flower, plains, long-abandoned mineral claims in remote pasture in this case, and desert, couched promotion within financial circles, frantic buying or fleeing evidence—and the whole panoply of spontaneous irrationality largely eliminated from the stock market in recent decades with increasing regulations designed to protect investors and promoters from their own stupids and greed.

Last week, however, the new Cosh tale took a more serious—and ugly—turn, when a key investor suffered a scheduled loss on his shareholding. No longer a game, most feel a lawsuit is now the sole, and inevitable, means of figuring out how things could go so badly wrong among a group of mining experts who should have known better—both as promoters and investors—what is sure to become the most celebrated mining debacle since the 1960s.

What makes the case so intriguing is that the spectacular price of New Cosh late last year and the equally momentous collapse last month may be matched only by the stunning absence of valuable minerals. So volatile has been New Cosh stock (from \$2.30 in August up to \$29.50 in December and back down to \$4.50 last week) that rival mining companies, Wilsey Mines Ltd. of Toronto (lost almost \$20 million when it sold out its own New Cosh stock holdings last week) is a move that stunned the Canadian mining community. Key to the problem is the "asset"—or mineral testing—results from preliminary tests drilled on the site. Though New Cosh initially bought mineral rights to the Orogene and Perseus (a patch of desert located in southern New Mexico) in hope of finding uranium deposits, the assay results published last fall showed commercial quantities of gold and silver. Wilsey, however, gave its independent assay tests on the site after investing nearly \$25 million to purchase 15 per cent of the shares of New Cosh, and discovered different results last month showing almost no gold or silver at the site, which sent stock prices plummeting and set off a series of events. This discrepancy could boil down to a simple case of which assay test is more



Wilsey's Peter Allen (below), Dickenson's Vice President and Art Wilsey (above) in a mining assay scrap, a stunning absence of minerals



accurate—"a difficult thing to prove, particularly as gold mining is not an exact science," notes Toronto mining analyst John Ing. At the moment, everyone is awaiting a fourth assay on the Orogene and Perseus, upon which everything, from lawsuits to personal reputations, could hinge.

What the mining community finds particularly puzzling about the New Cosh affair is the seemingly scuffle between two of Canada's leading gold mining groups. New Cosh is a member of the Dickenson Mines Ltd. group of Toronto, controlled by Archer White and his son, Yasser, both with years of experience in gold mining and mineral exploration and impeccable reputations for honesty and good judgment in what can be an often volatile profession. Wilsey is part of the Little Long Lac group, also of Toronto, and controlled by John Alvis and son Peter. The Long Lac mines, among the most highly regarded in the Canadian mining community, together with the Dickenson group, produce about one-third of Can-



ada's gold. "Both Dickenson and Long Lac have always had good reputations," says Terry Higgins of the Vancouver brokerage firm Orlan Brown. "It's hard to understand how a money scrap like this could be happening." Several brokers also say they can't understand why Wilsey "traded" New Cosh on the stock market in the first place without prior discussions with New Cosh management, as is the customary practice in the industry.

It's not just investors who are wondering about all the anomalies in the New Cosh affair either. Last week the RCMP got into the act as well, beginning an investigation into both the assay results and subsequent share trading. There is also, for example, the interesting fact that two other mines were listed last fall on the Vancouver Stock Exchange—Villeneuve Resources and New Beginning Resources, both testing property "adjacent" New Cosh at Orogene and employing New Cosh shareholders and directors, in particular, Albert Agalaghi, a former Toronto stock promoter now living in New Mexico.

"When the whole thing is settled, it will probably turn out to be a simple discrepancy in the assay results," says Toronto mining veteran Frank Kaplan. "But it's hard to see the mistake to understand how the two sides could be so far apart."

—ANTHONY WHEATINGHAM



Bob Wilsey, still actively involved at Villeneuve Orogene 20 years after his first voyage



Group picture at work at Hagerford Hill N.S.R.



"Cat" sits on Dickenson's desk



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Victoria was the scene of one of the most interesting chapters in Australian viticulture. Here a group of expert winemakers from Neuchâtel in Switzerland established vineyards near the district of Geelong in 1842. With them, they brought cuttings from Dijon. Later, another Swiss arrived with 20,000 cuttings from his renowned Chateau Lafite. These vines became the famed vines of Lilydale, a legend in their times.



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Cabernet Sauvignon is used for the production of premium table wines. It is the famous grape of the Bordeaux district in France.



A wine with a rich, long table wine with a pronounced freshness, deep palate and gay aftertaste.

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Discover the Wines of New South Wales and Victoria.





Chateau Yaldara at Lyndoch, S.A. reflecting the romance and tradition of classic wine making.



Discover the Wines of South Australia

Less than an hour's drive from the city of Adelaide is a rolling, beautiful valley called Barossa. This is the land of vineyards, century old wineries, olive groves and rustic churches. In 1838 the first German settlers arrived in the valley and turned their skilled hands to viticulture, beginning the tradition of fine winemaking that was to make the Barossa Valley famous.

Over the years the Barossa Valley has built up an enviable reputation - whether it be a delicate white from classic riesling vines on the slopes of Springton, a full-bodied red pressed from the aristocratic cabernet sauvignon or an aged port, the Barossa produces wines to delight the palate of any wine fancier.

Further to the south, far from the main vineyards, is Coonawarra, with its famous strip of red soil called "terra rossa". Shiraz and cabernet flourish here in the long, hot sun producing a wine very akin to a Bordeaux with a subtle, powerful bouquet. This area also produces a remarkable Rhine Riesling that is distinguished by its freshness and elegant finish.



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Available B.C., Ont.

Rhine Riesling grapes fermented under controlled temperature conditions produce a wine with a distinct vinous character. Full, sweet flavor and a crisp, dry finish.

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Old ruins at Freixy, Vitis, S.A. in 1847 a vineyard was planted here.



Rhone Riesling grapes, the famous grape of the Rhine Valley in Germany.



At Kroyella S.A., the oldest underground cellar in Australia was excavated in 1838.



An elegant cream sherry, gold in color with an attractive nutty flavor on the palate well balanced with a clean finish.

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Made from late and dense riesling grapes, completely matured in the bottle, this wine retains the fragrant grape characteristics and shows a clean, crisp, dry finish.

Available Ont.

Sweet, light style, clean finish. Produced mainly from semillon grapes in South Australia.

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Discover the Wines of South Australia.



Master Cooper Harry Mahlbogen, his apprentices at age fourteen. Today he supervises the construction of over 25,000 oak barrels



Stappfield Winery near Simcoe in the Simcoe Valley founded in 1892



Vintage festival, Simcoe Valley S.A. Held every other year following Labor



An unspiced contribution to the Burgundy tradition. Softly rounded and easy on the palate. Available All

A clean, delicate dry white made from semillon grapes, bottled soon after making to retain the freshness of the style. Available B.C., Ont

A sweet, round, full white table wine made from seedling grapes. It has a pleasant golden colour and a clean, dry finish. Available B.C.



Discover the Wines of South Australia.

In Michael Jossé's 1973 novel *The Last Butterfly*, a clown in a Prague graveyard performs a silent skit about a man who can't laugh but has an iron head. "I had Marcel Marceau in mind when I wrote this and a couple of other women," confesses the Toronto novelist and film-maker. It was not until 1975, however, that Jossé heard that the great French mime was anxious to make the movie after reading the novel about a clown who entertains doomed children at Treblinka, Czechoslovakia. The camera is now set to roll under French director René Clément this fall in Toronto is the first Canada-France-Czechoslovakia co-production. "We have to do it in Toronto," says Jossé. "I've couldn't possibly duplicate anything as real."

Marceau is clown for doomed laughter.



Gaynor cult figure Reverend Jim Jones to show the evils of keeping colored was made the lion. "All Jones was saying was color within my lines and everything will be all right," she says in support of her belief that coloring books force children into structured and conformist patterns.

Toronto's *Star* *Shirley* has been selling records for 45 years and now has more than 100 shops owned after the house across the country. Eight years ago, 58-year-old Shinderman opened a Chinese food restaurant hard by his flagship store the Record Man in Toronto, and this year the record business seems best as turning around. With Canadian Embassy trade attacks *Marques* is acting as his Tokyo go-between. Shinderman has begun chatting and bowing with Japanese businessmen about extending his franchise. "Why fight the competition? I'll join them," says Shinderman, saying that Tokyo already has a record store called *Crazy Sam's*.

Some school board somewhere is always insisting that young minds be denied the right of exposure to *A.D. Soliman's* *Catcher in the Rye*, but if *Jessie Haverford* has her way it would be entering books that would be banned. Haverford, an associate co-ordinator of the early childhood education program at the University of Toronto's Institute for Child Study, uses the example of

Former Canadian governor-general Lord Tweedsmuir's famous description "mask of indifference" hardly applies to the work of *Ging Herbertson* and *Robert Tokars*. The two Ontario-born artists create "wearable art" for the face, but the results are vastly different. Herbertson, 37, is well-known for his brightly colored *gasholders* masks, which have obtained the visage of such greats as *Jim Hetherford*, *Dave Wilson* and *Robb Smith*. Tokars, 31, specializes as *hard-hat* masks (also with crystal beads, rhinestones, pearls and exotic feathers) which sell for between \$100 and \$1,200—more than some hockey players are willing to pay. Herbertson's talents are being honored this month at a show at the *McMichael Gallery* in Kitchener, Ont., and next October Tokars' work will be featured in the *biennial* windows of *Tiffany's* in Manhattan. Neither of the artists plans to cross over into the other's marketplace. However, Tokars admits a certain fascination with the hockey mask. "Some-



Gaynor cult figure Reverend Jim Jones to show the evils of keeping colored was made the lion. "All Jones was saying was color within my lines and everything will be all right," she says in support of her belief that coloring books force children into structured and conformist patterns.

Tokars (right) and the Reverend Jim Jones, a rhinestone poster for the Stanley Cup

thing jeweled in black and gold would be nice for the Stanley Cup," he suggests, "but it wouldn't be practical because everyone would be worried about cutting themselves on the fallen rhinestones."

Woolly Allen wears a *Kafka*, while *Alan Arkin* can choose between his *Philly* and a *Tokays*. "We did them as an alternative to the caps that my Mack Truck and Coors, which promote everything except thinking," says *Jeff Walker*, co-president of *The Thinking Cap Co.*, a Los Angeles firm that designs and markets the novelty headgear. They are selling briskly at bookstores across the continent and through ads as 108 million matchbooks. From six months two years ago is 76 today, the current top sellers are *Flaubert*, *Shakespeare*, *Beethoven*, *Tokars* and *Smith*. "Sure, after he passed away, did very well," says *Walker*. The least popular toppers are *Queen The Beatles*, *Man* (or *Thomas*) and *Mand* (*Margaret*). Great headgear since the beginning, says *Walker*, when "people kept taking me what kind of a tractor a *Kafka* is."

—EDITED BY MARSHA BOULTON

MAGAZINES ARE LIKE 'BEST FRIENDS'



You trust them, you care about them and you make them a part of your life, by choice in fact, it seems like magazines always have been a part of your world and perhaps that they always will be.

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As a magazine industry we know that our audience is a little more demanding. The quality of our magazines makes that possible.



PEOPLE

Gao and Wang (left) teaching for culture with help from Frances (right)

Although the Christmas and New Year festivities have been friends for more than a decade, the union may be particularly serendipitous for the moment, since the *Power* conglomerate is expected to bankrupt any bid he might make for the Liberal leadership.

While publishers gear up for a springtime deluge of books about John Lennon, the former Beatle's widow, Yoko Ono, is quietly completing a record album the couple was preparing before Lennon's murder last December. Jack Douglas, who produced the last album, *Double Fantasy*, is working with Ono, and Lennon's son Julian is rumored to be playing drums on at least one song. Julian, 17, has made one previous record, as the backup drummer as his father's 1974 second *Wall to Bridge*, when he was 16. John and Yoko were in the studio the afternoon of the murder working on a new song called *Walking on Thin Ice* just hours before Mark David Chapman grazed down the streets.

The fact that Frances' book *Snoggy* enjoys glowing around a firehouse on skates dressing of hockey is an accurate reflection of creative Charles Schulz's personal ambition. The Mississauga-born cartoonist is a disgruntled hockey aficionado, who enjoys peering the park and then at an arena he built near his Santa Rosa, Calif., home. Next week Schulz will be in his play *Sendin' a Messenger* of high-revving horses when he is awarded the Lester Patrick Trophy at the NHL all-star dinner.

Thirty years ago Gail France brought classical ballet to Canada, and now she's helping the Chinese catch on too. The founder of the National Ballet has been off in Beijing and Shanghai teaching, directing and trying to put their ballet scene on par with "It's a post-revolution recovery for them," says the indefatigable France. "They are getting away from these propaganda ballets and want the classical aspect." Encouraged by the Chinese dancers' great athleticism and enthusiasm, France staged *Coppelia*. As the spiritual force behind Theatre Ballet of Canada, the latest major dance company to be formed in Canada, France has now arranged a cultural exchange with China. Two Chinese dancers, Guo Peihua and Wang Jiezhong, have joined the company, and France, 58, admits they will have to make some adjustments. "It's harder," she says, "but in China young men and women never touch—that doesn't work in ballet." Gao and Wang are now on touring terms, but Guo had yet

another adjustment to make. It seems she hadn't spoken with a boy for six years. "They are very sensitive people," adds France.

Justice Minister Jean Chretien's press secretary, Anne Desmarais, may be in charge of information flow but he couldn't stop word of his secret engagement to the boss's daughter from leaking out. Desmarais, 24, the younger son of *Power* Corp. magnate Paul Desmarais, and Chretien's only daughter, France, a 22-year-old law student at the University of Ottawa, will wed May 23.

Schulz: peck-picking for Peanuts

Bertrand. It's like I'm a Martian

are in Los Angeles. The award is offered for outstanding service to hockey in the U.S., and previous winners include **Bobby Orr** and **Phil Esposito**. Scheib thinks the award is an appropriate prize because his passion for hockey has been frustrated since the NHL's Oakland Seals vacated from his neighborhood in 1976 and set up shop in Cleveland. "I can't see a game live," he growls, "and there's next to nothing on TV. Boo."

Reverse nationalism will permeate the CBC radio program on Feb. 21 when the program *Autism* presents the first of at least two shows based on Canada's most forgettable poets, says producer **Katherine Curran**. "It's a counterblast against the current wave of nationalism that says every Canadian writer is the greatest." The two poets featured are **James Gray** and **James McIntyre**, who wrote poetry that doesn't stand around the turn of the century. McIntyre, who is known as "the poet of Guelph," wrote rhymes on cheese roads for southern Ontario dairy displays, while Gray proclaimed himself poet laureate of Canada, for such almost-anything goes as *Anybody says this is self/Somebody else said his someone with the someone of an one/All these anyone spread by chance/that his Porc, the city of France*. The great had poets were selected from a book called *The Four Seasons/Canada's Four Worst—and Fullest—Poets*, an underground hit written by **William Arthur Gosson** in 1927. Two poets, **James Maclean** and **James B. Gille**, are not celebrated by the CBC. Explains Curran: "It was an arbitrary decision. The other two made it tough here."

With the honeymoon wit of former first mother **Lillian Carter** returned to the present path, Washington first-family writers have been busy trying to find a replacement for "Milk Lillian." Enter **Kelly Davis**, 35, mother of **Manny Pacquiao** and a former actress with a scandalous affair of bummer backed by a room for rascal jokes. So far Davis has been in the background, but among secret service agents she has a high profile. Reportedly, one secret service agent hasn't recovered from walking into a room and encountering Davis coming out of her bath without benefit of bathrobe. As unattracted as she was naked, the dripping ectoplasmic calmly told the agent: "Now you'll have to marry me. No one is allowed to see me in the buff except Dr. Davis."



"I will never sleep with one of my fans because," confesses recording artist **Placido Domingo** (pronounced Plee-choo Deem-trio) *For Roger Journal* in Brussels 22 years ago, Bertrand's plastic has reached both English and French audiences. His first collaboration with the *Chorus* of *Les Choristes* (the choir) was to sing a power ballad, topped last period around the world and has most recent release, *Shogun* by **Ennio Morricone**.

Tracy and pet Shogun, standing outside



conv. in an across-the-board attack in Quebec. Currently on tour in Quebec, Bertrand's appearances create hysteria among his fans and critics alike. "At first, they just stare at me. It's like I'm a Martian. When they realize it's really me, they go crazy," says the immediate agent, who is set to follow **Shogun** with a platform boots and a new album in 1992. Says Bertrand: "My mother is Russian, so it will be like going home for me."

Cassius B., believed leader of the *Blackmore Party*, will be traded from Quebec's *Grande Rue* to the San Diego Zoo in California for a giraffe this week, leaving the party faithful in a beef-stomping rage. "At first we thought Cassius was being held hostage," says **John Douglas**, postmaster-general, in the party's shadow cabinet. "But then we learned he was retiring from politics to become a management consultant for the Reagan administration." Douglas says the 14-month-old rhino has defected his eight-year-old mother, who lives at the Metropolitan Toronto Zoo, to be leader "Tyrone Zoo." "We don't think Placido's name fits with the peaceful nature of our party, so we plan to ask the zoo director to change her name to Chrysalis," advises Douglas. According to referee General Manager **Tracy Thompson**, that might be hard to do. "I don't think Placido should submit to politics that easily," he says Douglas, however, has threatened to change her name unilaterally.

While teen-age girls in North America run loose and roam over the files of **Lauri Quivett** and **Scott Bels**, in Sweden it's 16-year-old **Tracy** of Maple Ridge, B.C., who is storming up the charts. Tracy stars in the TV series *Blackberry Area and Friends*, produced in Vancouver by a Canadian company in conjunction with **Wagner-Hallig** Films of Frankfurt. So far the show has been seen in Europe, but it has yet to reach North America. "I think you are very lovely," wrote one of many 10-year-old adolescent fans, who has pledged their affection and requested a picture and letter. "I think it's a nice picture," says the Grade 11 student, who is currently working on another movie, *Blackberry Area and Friends*, called *The Movie*, in which he plays an eight-inch-high character struggling to save the world from a full-grown architect. Being a star overseas hasn't given Tracy any social edge in Canada. "I've never used it," he admits. "I think they'd tell me to take a hike."

—EDITED BY MARINA BRUNTON

WORLD

A tinderbox set to ignite

Chad threatens to embroil African, Arab and Western states in conflict

By Claudia Wright

While the Organization of the Islamic Conference (OIC) was producing its expected call for an economic jihad (holy war) over Jerusalem, several of the participants were engaged last week in a variety of maneuvers aimed at neutralizing the Libyan incursion into Chad. Saudi Arabia, typically, was trying to detach the new Chadian government from its Libyan backers by offering worldly goods, but several worldly minds were finding strongly that moves were already under way to left at with means other than kindness.

The civil war in Chad, an impoverished landlocked country in north-central Africa, has pitted the largely Muslim north against the Christian south for 15 years, and the former French colony is now the cockpit of Balkan-style conflict that threatens to embroil a large number of African and Arab states.

Khuday night: Backlash to French presence in Chad: thousands were killed



Along with France and the United States, Chad is a member of the OIC and at last week's summit in Mecca and Jeddah, Saudi Foreign Minister **Faisal Al-Faisal** worked hard behind the scenes to stop the conflict from escalating. His first move was to persuade Ahmed Ache, Chad's 36-year-old new far-right minister, that Chadian President **Faustin Goukoun** should reverse an earlier decision not to attend the OIC summit and denounce the conflict. Goukoun, who has been in Tripoli, Libya, on his second visit of the month, but



his government to France. "The provisional government of Chad asked the friendly governments and neighboring countries for aid. Nobody answered the request except Libya. France was asked to give aid to help stabilize the country, but France did not offer any aid."

In the wake of victory, last month Goukoun made his first visit to Tripoli, where he and Libyan leader **Muammar Khadafi** signed an agreement that was widely interpreted as allowing Libya to merge with and annex Chad. But in N'Djamena, the Chadian capital, and again in Saudi Arabia, Ache and Goukoun denied that there had been any loss of Chadian sovereignty. Ache promised that "once stability is established in Chad, we will not accept any foreign



Troops loyal to Goukoun: decisive edge

power or presence—Arab, Muslim, Western."

This was the point of leverage that the Saudis were seeking to exploit, offering substantial aid to create stability, after which Goukoun's government could send the Libyans home. No definite agreement on this was revealed at the summit meeting, but the text of an unwritten resolution, approved by the heads of state, promises substantial new funds for drought aid and economic development for the arid Sahel area that includes Chad.

The Saudis also discussed the move with Sudanese President **Gafar Niamiri** and with the heads of state of

Niger and Senegal. But those discussions may have had a different focus, as a private comment by one Niger official indicated. "Why is Washington not the green light to attack?" he said. "Libya, with its ties to the Soviet Union, is a danger to Africa." Nemours was asked whether Egyptian forces were being infiltrated into camps set up for Haftar on the Sudanese side of the Chadian border. Haftar has relied on Egyptian arms and cash for several years, and in Cairo 30 days ago, Pres-

ident Sadat hinted at the infiltration plan, which has had covert French backing. Nemours replied that he would approve. "If it is in the will of the Chadian people," he said. Chadian officials say that Haftar has no capacity to wage a guerrilla war by himself. They also believe that France's covert military moves—reinforcement of contingents already in the Central African Republic, Senegal and Gabon, and an alert for a naval squadron at Toulon—are mostly bluff. The covert ones



Ghannouchi (left) and Nemours. Egyptian forces infiltrated into Sudanese camps

are of greater concern. "France is responsible for this problem," Agbi says. "France used to kill thousands of people [in Chad]. Why didn't the African countries complain about the presence of France?"

So far Washington has done nothing publicly except criticize Libyan intervention in Chad. But U.S. Secretary of State Alexander Haig, when NATO commander, had a close working relationship with French African forces—particularly during the Franco-American intervention in Zaïre in 1973 and 1978. General Nemours, for his part, is regularly treated at Walter Reed Army Medical Center in Washington, and earlier he and Sadat would eat without Haig's approval. ☐



Chadian pro-Haftar forces awaiting a green light from the U.S. to attack

Help from the dogs of war

When Western experts first studied the Libyan military push into Chad, they thought the operation was so sophisticated it could only have been organized as Col. Mouammar Khadafi's behalf by East German and Soviet advisors. Since then, however, evidence has accumulated that the invasion was planned by a dog-of-war team of Western mercenaries that included two renegade CIA agents, a Frenchman once jailed for plotting to kill Gen. Charles de Gaulle and other European frontboomers.

Moreover, the thrust of the fighting during the January six-month invasion on N'Djamena was borne not by the regular Libyan army but by Khadafi's 4,000-strong Islamic Legion made up of foreign Arabs, Asians and black Africans attracted by good pay and the chance to take part in Khadafi's version of the Islamic resurgence.

American and French intelligence sources say Khadafi's connections with mercenaries date back to the mid-70s, when he engaged two CIA agents, Frank Terpi and Edwin Wilson, who had done undercover work for "the emperor" in Cuba, the Middle East and Vietnam. Terpi and Wilson first sep-

arated Khadafi with more than \$2 million worth of sophisticated weapons and then turned to recruiting other mercenaries for their new master. Western experts think they also found time to train the Libyan "hit squad" that recently snatched at least a dozen Libyan "defectors" in Benghazi capitals.

But the logistical brains behind Libya's move into Chad did not turn up until late July, 1978, when a battered 100-3 arrived in the Libyan capital of Tripoli with three Frenchmen aboard. One was 45-year-old Michel Winter, an ex-member of the French counterintelligence service Service Documentation et Contre Espionnage known for his extreme right-wing leanings and as de Gaulle's would-be killer. The second was Roland Rousselle, nicknamed "Be-hemoth," a 45-year-old pilot who had become a legend for his skill in ferrying supplies to occasional Biafra. The third man was a tough 38-year-old pilot from Bayonne named Philippe (The Man) Tourn.

The story has it that the two invented the Chad incursion to please Khadafi, who was bringing an earlier Euzeland-style attack on French fighters based in N'Djamena. The plan was based on building a network of airstrips so that helicopters could supply the advancing Libyan forces with water and ammunition. Although it skewed the advance to a year's pace, the strategy proved successful. —PETER LEVITS

Taiwan

Power politics, Peking-style

The chain-smoking senior Taiwanese official was in no mood to waste words. Within hours the Dutch parliament would be debating whether to bow to pressure from Peking and renounce on a deal to sell his country two submarines. "If the Dutch change their mind, our people will say they are now turning to China," he declared. But



President Chiang Kai-shek, visiting Peking's Dalai

the real source of his intense diplomatic lay elsewhere. The clear intent of Peking's retaliation after the deal was made public—to send the Dutch ambassador packing, refused relations, to cancel official level and cancelled lucrative oil contracts with Shell Oil—was to discourage Taiwan's other prospective arms suppliers, most notably, the administration of President Ronald Reagan. Said the official, who preferred to speak anonymously: "They're using the Dutch to send a warning to the U.S."



Taiwanese black U.S. diplomats at 1978 outreach on the golf course

and other NATO countries that might sell our arms."

Last week, as the diplomatic row came to a head when Peking charged that the U.S. state department had privately endorsed the Dutch deal, there was no doubting the accuracy of those words. Clearly, one of the most definite decisions facing the fledgling Reagan team was whether to risk Peking's wrath by selling Taiwan the weapons it says it needs to shore up its defenses.

Taiwan's hopes for more favorable treatment from the U.S. had first been raised by Reagan's campaign spokesperson, that former president Jimmy Carter's 1976 decision to renounce Peking was a "bold" Reagan backed away from that position after an outcry from Peking but followed it up with an inauguration promise to "match loyalty with loyalty" among American allies.

As a result the government of President Chiang Kuo-shan, son of the late General Chiang Kai-shek, started quickly lobbying the Reagan administration for favors refused by Carter. Taiwan's top priority, quite agreement on a deal for "defensive" weapons including as many as 100 F-16 or advanced F-50 fighter jets, Harpoon naval missiles and military helicopters.

It would also like to end the fence around such unofficial contacts between the two countries have taken

place secretly on the golf course or in a third country to openly maintain them. As a precondition for the opening of official relations with Peking, the U.S. had closed its embassy in Taipei and replaced it with the unofficial American Institute in Taiwan.

At week's end the Dutch cabinet upheld the deal with Taiwan and the lower house was thought likely to follow suit this week. As well, Reagan's willingness to support Taiwan—an international contact recognized off-



icially by only 22 countries—and strong pressure from the U.S. Congress made it likely that Washington, too, would call Peking's bluff. There is nothing in the agreement, encompassing U.S.-Chinese relations, that prevents the sale of "defensive" arms to Taiwan, and it seemed possible that Peking had already been told that Chiang would get the arms he had been seeking. Asked how the U.S. would respond if China were to penetrate its far selling arms to Taiwan, one senior American in Taipei growled: "If the Chinese put the Taiwan relations act to the test, then they are building a good case for U.S. demoralization of relations with Peking."

—BRIAN JEFFREY

South Africa

A deadline only deferred

For P.W. Botha the honeymoon was over. After two years as South Africa's premier, years of pleading to international community to end apartheid, to racial reforms, last month's resumption of parliament reported his final deadline. It was time either to deliver or retreat and face the consequences at home and abroad. The cunning Botha, however, came up with yet a third option: involved with it, he made from a small but noisy liberal

opposition and from the country's anti-apartheid press to get on with the job, last week he announced a general election for April 22.

Botha's mandate was not due to run out until November, 1982, but he had a ready-made excuse for letting himself off the parliamentary hook. As part of reforms that had changed some electoral boundaries, eliminated the Senate and set up a controversial appointed President's Council to advise on voting apportioned, about 30 seats out of 164 would have had to be filled in by-elections. So why not go all the way? Botha's real motivation, however, was rampant party disunity. The far-right, neo-apartheid (extremist) wing of his ruling National Party (NP) was making it clear that it was not ready for any liberalization. And in a clear bid to modify the right, Botha took a hard-line stand in his election announcement speech, frustrating liberal hopes that blacks would be included on the council and denying that blacks would be permitted to settle in white urban areas.

That action barred opposition demonstrations of his opponents. The elections were an expensive cover-up for National Party divisions, and Progressive Federal Party (PFP) leader Frelrick van Ryl Stubbart, who had ridiculed Botha's reform plan as a "stunt" alluding. Still he felt that Botha would be returned with a comfortable majority. In the last election, in 1977, the NP won 134 seats, leaving the PFP with 27, the moderate New Republic Party with 10, and the South African Party (since absorbed by the NP) with three.

The question facing South Africans there, was which he wins the hard-line ultraright or the moderate moderates, would control both the party caucus and the pace of change—if there



Botha faced with rampant party disunity



was to be any real change at all. Borja made an encouraging start to his premiership, raising expectations that being and working conditions would improve for the workers who comprise 82 per cent of the population, warning whites that they would have to "adapt or die" in a bloody revolution. Ever Pery Qolosa, editor of the *Trinidad Post*, the country's largest-circulation black newspaper, confessed to being amazed. No more. One of the government's first acts in 1981—one that its retrospect seemed to signal a hardening of its attitude—was the burning of the *Post* and other black papers. Borja created another "climate" of fear.

Segregated toilets, mostly the right

introducing plans for a universal identity card for all races—except blacks—that would involve fingerprinting. The prime minister carefully wrote his election call around the announcement that a captured Soviet spy had disgarded three volumes of information concerning Soviet influence in the banned African National Congress (ANC) and other matters. A total Marxist onslaught was under way, he claimed. If Borja's last-minute was over, he clearly intended to leave no doubt who ruled the homeland.

Suárez's stunning finale

For more than four years, Spanish President Adolfo Suárez had dazzled his countrymen with political wizardry as he transformed his country from a fascist dictatorship into a democracy. But the handsome 58-year-old leader saved his most baffling trick for last. On nationwide TV last week he unexpectedly announced his resignation, citing the "irrationally systematic" attacks of his critics and the erosion of his political power.

The move threw political circles into turmoil, stunned the nation and produced a barrage of rumors. The most disturbing one, vividly denied, suggested that he had been forced out by the military, disgruntled over his handling of Basque terrorism. But while that theory was not conclusively ruled out, members of Suárez's Union of the Democratic Centre (UCD) party pointed to more plausible reasons for their leader's sudden resignation.

Parliament among them was a festering rebellion with party ranks. Picked by King Juan Carlos in 1975 to guide Spain through the perils of transition to democracy, Suárez had taken control of



Suárez (above), and Calvo-Sotelo the world's chessmen had feuded

an unlikely group of factions. With considerable courage, he had pushed the legislation of the Communist party and a new liberal constitution through parliament. But while Suárez's knowledge of the Francoist system helped him dramatically it, he made too many mistakes in governing the new order. As his charisma dimmed, the "barons" (leaders of dissident factions within his party) began a campaign to oust him. A confrontation between Suárez and 420 voters in a July 1980 election—held while the party's congress was cancelled by an air traffic controllers' strike. But even without Suárez, the party's differences were thought likely to sear off at a rescheduled congress. Perhaps most

Philippines

Another ace in his sleeve

Apparently moved, the First Lady brushed away a tear, but it was the undisputed yawn of a brigade general that more accurately reflected the impact of the mid-January ceremony at which arrogant Ferdinand Marcos revealed the martial law proclamation he imposed on 48 million Filipinos in 1972. The glitter, TV lights and pressmen belied a bleak constitutional fact: the president and the 105,000-strong military gripping him were surrendering none of their powers.

Last week Marcos took another vague step in the direction of liberalization. But again there was more than was at first apparent in his declaration that he would risk his position in a national election, possibly in May. If the spring poll does proceed (Marcos made a similar move at Christmas and changed his mind a week later), it would be theory he the president's first attempt to acquire a direct mandate since his election in a supposedly free four-year term more than 11 years ago. Characteristically, however, Marcos was scarcely putting the question to the electorate, but rather



Marcos combined power, arms assured

appealing to his most charismatic figure, Senator Ninoy Aquino, 48, who is unlikely to be allowed to return with impunity from exile at Harvard University, where he is teaching international affairs. For another, Marcos' admirers (he goes home down in his old election how good they are at breaking up opposition rallies, stuffing ballot boxes and kidnapping or gunning down poll watchers. And should such expedients not be enough, the president has carefully concealed another ace in his sleeve: A constitutional rewrite, which Marcos said last week would have to be approved before any elections, provided for his election separately as president—with all the dense powers preserved from his 1973 constitution. He thus secured interest of power will speed the deadline re-election, 1984.

Indeed the only question as most people's minds was why Marcos had decided it necessary to script such a charade. The answer seemed to lie in his reported belief that some polishing of his image was necessary to persuade Ronald Reagan's administration to increase military and economic support. Washington has huge naval and air bases in the Philippines crucial to its Indian Ocean operations but had become alarmed by growing anti-Americanism among moderate opposition members. The president was also influenced by this month's four-day visit by Pope John Paul, an outspoken champion of human rights.

But only the most optimistic among Marcos' fellow-countrymen set much store by his promises. Most feared that "normalization"—his words for his proposals—would merely mean the nation would remain a prisoner of the man who, whenever he promises to set it free, merely changes the locks on the doors. —MICHAEL SOMBY

U.S.A.

CIA hostages: the telltale documents

Evidence emerges that four were CIA operatives



By Ian Mather

A 28 of the hostages enjoyed a "faked" page welcome in New York—it was revealed at week's end that at least four of them were certainly CIA agents. Copies of embassy documents originally provided by their captors to journalists, but not published in detail at the time so as not to endanger the Americans, also make it clear that when the embassy was seized the CIA was about to launch a new operation in Iran, of which Charles A. Davis, Bruce Lainger was aware, and that requests for help from former agents of SNIAC, the state's secret police, were at least considered.

The documents may explain why some of the captives were more roughly treated than others. Moreover, there is little doubt that the documents are genuine. The few journalists who received them were allowed to watch as the originals were copied.

The evidence for the presence of four CIA agents on the embassy staff is contained in a memorandum dated Aug. 3, 1978, and sent by Lainger, married "over" to the secretary of state (Chas. Cyrus Vance) in Washington. Those of the agents are named Thomas Alera, the narcotics control officer, Malcolm Kain, an official of the economic section, and William Daugherty, about whose work there is no information. The



Phages addresses former hostages (top) (second row from above) Alera, Daugherty, and Kain

no doubt the documents were genuine

fourth agent is not named.

The memorandum, which is about preparation of false identities, says that because of "the great sensitivity" likely to any form of CIA activity it is of the highest importance that cover be the best. It is also noted that there is no question as to the need for speed and that secondary trials for these two officers (Kain and Daugherty), we must have it. We are making effort to limit knowledge within each (sic) to all staff, and another that effort against publicity to Daugherty, pursuant to new



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program of which he is a professor and about which I have been informed." Referring to the number of CIA employees in the embassy, the message at one point says "We should hold to the present total of four A&P assignments for the foreseeable future" (A&P stands for Special Reporting Party) and is the normal way in which the state department refers to CIA operations. It is imprinted across the top of the documents are the words "Show to Tom A." This refers to Thomas Allen, in whose drawer his papers were they found a false passport issued in the name of Paul Timmermans but carrying Allen's photograph. Among the documents are eight pages of instructions to Timmermans as to how to "activate" his passport and a false vaccination certificate. The briefing evokes the espionage drama created by John Le Carré. It begins "According to personal data in your passport you are single, were born in Antwerp, Belgium, 08 Jul 34, have blue eyes, have no distinguishing characteristics and are approximately 1.88 meters tall. Your cover occupation is that of a commercial business representative."

The briefing goes on to request that to enhance the passport's validity, "the following back travel was added: a trip to Madrid, Spain, in April, 1977; a trip to Delhi, India, in January, 1978; Finland in June, 1978; and a trip to Athens, Greece, in November, 1978. It is not uncommon to find a Belgian whose native language is Flemish living in a normally French-speaking section of Belgium, such as Jette," the briefing continues. "You can say that you were born in Antwerp, began work with a company with a regional office in Antwerp, then was (also) transferred to the main office in Brussels. Despite the fact that it is only 90 minutes' driving time between Brussels and Antwerp, you decided to live in one of the suburbs of Brussels, Jette. This would explain the issue of local documentation." Instructions with the vaccination cer-



New York celebrations outpouring

working the crowds like old pros.

For politicians, the joyful homecoming celebrations were a chance to have a little New Year's rub off on their candidates. In New York, opponents charged Koch with attempting his elaborate ticker tape parade to launch his own bid for a second term in a splash of re-elected glory. But New Yorkers cheered loudly anyway, especially for Brooklyn native Rudy Giuliani, a previous Egan media star that a week before and now a media superstar.

There was caution in with the relief, however. Said an aging New Yorker watching children enjoy floating balloons: "Let the kids enjoy themselves. The United States should never have another crisis like this—hopefully." —Rita CHRISTOPHER

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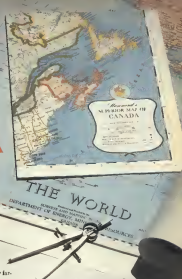
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decide say "Pines again in alias under your name for each shot." The agent is told to update these vaccination using a cachet impregnated "with the signature of one Dr R. Cosmanes." "Remember, you will eventually get these shots in Belgium, and your passport should not show you in line when you update your children shot," he is advised.

Another document dated Sept. 18, 1983, and signed by the embassy's defense attaché, Col. Tom Schaefer, reveals that the U.S. was willing to grant entry visas into the United States to senior Iranian military figures in return for intelligence information. Ambassador Schaefer: "The visit refresher service can be very valuable to the defense attaché's office for gathering information not normally accessible through other means, but it should not be abused." I expect good progress from these contacts and information that will show up in intelligence reports "in addition to the intelligence information in granting visas to military officials wanting to travel from Iran to the U.S."

It is interesting to note that the U.S. is now in a position to receive information from Iran that is significantly more accurate than the information it has been receiving from the U.S. intelligence community.



Only the costs are soaring

The troubled F-18 fighter, on which Canada is basing its air defense strategy for the next 20 years, is getting a public endorsement of sorts. In a classified report to Congress, details of which are to be released this week, former defense secretary Harold Brown says he considers that "the F-18" remains the most practical solution to the U.S. Navy's "modernization problem" and goes on to recommend that the project should continue under the Reagan administration. But he notes that the "costs of the aircraft have risen," and says that he has department's detailed review of the project (February, Sept. 28, 1983). "We evaluated many alternatives," he is quoted as saying, "and concluded the aircraft."

Costs in buying the F-18, on P-18 with a single seat.

decisions about their own armed forces, some might question whether the U.S. should even have considered assisting members of Bosak, which was responsible for the torture and deaths of thousands of Iranians, to flee to the U.S. But that it did so is clear from a "Cable message sent by message to the state department, in which he referred to requests from the American embassy in Rome and Frankfurt for "Iranian clearance for either conditional entry or refugee status for members of the diplomatic corps of Bosak under the alias."

The Frankfurt embassy had indicated that no special permission from the state department would be necessary. Langer seems to have had doubts about this. "We still believe [the state] department may with opportunity to consider report for cases such as these," he wrote.

Other documents are less weighty. There is a plaintext note in one report, headed "Ambassador Sources Dry Up."

It reads: "The fact that 'Ambassador Sources Dry Up' is a significant indication of the U.S. and its intelligence community."

It is interesting to note that the U.S. is now in a position to receive information from Iran that is significantly more accurate than the information it has been receiving from the U.S. intelligence community.

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hour of being seen or talking to another American embassy official to get where it is inquiring our efforts to acquire information."

There are also instructions for making entry and exit stamps using a do-it-yourself kit complete with samples of how the stamps should be made. The kit includes "Positive on the outside paper until you feel able to add the cachet into the passport," says the instructions. And, "Your earliest impressions should be legible." Here someone has marked the word "Bosak" in longhand before "Positive." "Should you receive any changes either in the cachet styles or ink colors send color exposures to Embassy with seal and color patch included in each photo. Embassy will then reproduce the needed material and forward it here to you," say the instructions. "Errors" is assumed to be a service department within the CIA.

The documents represent only a small proportion of the secret material in the collection, the rest of which includes the Iranian, could not get it. But the sight they shed on the activities of some of the staff illuminates a few of the dark corners of the hostage affair. Any further enlightenment must await the potential congressional inquiry.

According to some major uncertainties we see now.

The Australian's reservations were based on the findings of an evaluation team that flew to the U.S. The "technical" problems encountered were both structural and aerodynamic, said Kilian, and he asked "the House and the country" to consider if they could now consider committing the Australian taxpayers "to what clearly will be a costly expensive program."

It is only fair to note that Kilian would have been right with a caveat that it was "likely that with time the difficulties will be overcome." But Australia's caution over no choice constraints sharply with Canada's decision, almost a year earlier, to spend a total of \$1.5 billion on the F-18. And it is hardly a coincidence that the U.S. Navy project in probably continuing only for lack of an attractive alternative and because of the election of a president, Ronald Reagan, whose higher defense spending commitment matched with the cost.

When that spending will bear fruit, too, is a very debatable question. While McDonnell Douglas continues to insist that the F-18 will be ready as scheduled it is due to be delivered in Canada next year—there is a much less optimistic view of the project. In the meantime, it will not be until the late 1980s, he says, that the "mature F-18" will become an attractive proposition for alternative uses. —WILLIAM LEWIS

SPORTS

Not wasted on the young

After tumbles and slides the new Canadian champions look to the world stage



By Rima Miskin

Youngsters throughout Canada will now be looking up to a little girl. Last week, four-foot, 10-inch, 15-year-old Tracy Wainman of Toronto became the youngest skater in the history of the Canadian Figure Skating Championships. The tiny skating phenomenon had the Friday night crowd of 7,000 at the Halifax Metro Centre on its feet as she landed two triple salchow jumps in a 30-second span. "I knew she would turn it on for the crowd," her mother Gayle Wainman said later. "In the warm-up Tracy was a little wilder than usual and I could see the audience cheering."

Despite her power, Wainman said that she felt "no pressure" coming into the competition, while others, like Kay Thomson, 16, also of Toronto who finished second, said, "This doesn't seem like the national championships." The task of pressure and atmosphere for the young women probably had much to do with the absence of 1978 and 1980 women's champions, Heather Kunkin, 21, and the 1979 champion, Janet Morrison, 20. Both have retired.

But any thoughts of older rivals had

Wainman falling and wobbling

long been banished by the time the 15-year-old Wainman opened her four-minute routine with a beautiful lay-back spin, moving quickly to her first triple jump. "I knew things would go right at the beginning, after I landed my first triple." But Wainman was not to escape the embarrassment that frequently visited this competition. Moments before the end of her program, Wainman slipped. "I don't know how I fell. I guess I got a little carried away in the end." Losing her balance making a simple transition turn, Wainman fell and slid into the boards ringing the ice. After struggling to regain her skates, Wainman finished strongly with a pair of double-back jumps closing her victory, and a berth in the world championships next month in Hartford, Conn. It was a decision by the Canadian Figure Skating Association (CFA) to send Wainman to last year's worlds rather than someone younger. Kunkin said that was largely responsible for Kunkin's decision to skip the world championships. "The already big quality, a dynamic personality, that makes her skating look easy," says Don

Jackson, four-time Canadian and 1980 world champion. "To be a world champion, there is a lot more needed than just natural talent. I think that if she keeps going along the way she has, then Tracy will have a good chance."

Any chance Kay Thomson had of overtaking Wainman was lost when she fell heavily attempting a triple lutz. But more surprising than the victory was her fall were problems encountered in the pairs competition. The local favorites in the senior ice dancing competition, Mike McNeil, 29, of Halifax, and Robert MacCall, 23, of Dartmouth took turns falling during their compulsory set patterns, but still triumphed in Saturday night's final. And in the final of the junior dance competition, Karyn Carosone, 15, of Calgary, caught an edge and toppled her brother and partner Rod, 17. But this led to win the title. Neil Patterson, 16, of North Vancouver, managed to keep on his skates as he stepped out of jumps. But it was good enough to finish ahead of Bruce McCall, 15, of Mississauga, Ont., and win the junior men's championship.

"She's a real serious skater," Don Jackson remarked after Bruce McCall completed her program. The 15-year-old from Mississauga, Ont., qualified from third place with her spectacular finale to win the junior women's crown. Last year, in the novice division, Oghewski moved from sixth to first with her freestyle skate. After her win, Oghewski said she would challenge Wainman next year.

The men's final last Saturday shaped up as a combination of styles. Winner of the 1980 world championship, Brian Pockar, 21, of Calgary, returned with a completely revised free program. "The idea is to emphasize the elegant side of skating," says Pockar. He used the program to advantage at last year's Skate Canada competition where he finished second to Scott Hamilton of the U.S. His rival for the title, Brian Orser, 20, of Pennington, Ont., generated excitement with his powerful jumps and expressive speed.

Since Peter Burka, Karen Magnussen, Teddi Cranston and Jackson, who has looked international stars. The new champions will have that in mind when they step out onto the world stage next month.



Denay being taken from the ring in Montreal last June, untrained doctors and officials

Shady deals, greed and corruption

I came to town for Ralph Rasmie and Cleveland Denay, but it may help those who follow them in pursuit of wealth and fame in the event science. The federal task force report on boxing in Canada, prompted by Rasmie's and Denay's fights last year with Canadian lightweight champion Carlton Hark, was released last week. Began after Rasmie, 24, had lapsed into a coma following the May 7 bout that ended his boxing career and 34-year-old Denay's death 17 days after his June 30 match, the commissioners feared in their \$125,000 study what anyone familiar with many gyms either known or suspects. They reported archaic regulations, corruption, shady deals and greed, making persistent over hours' safety. This found a sport governed by untrained doctors, officials, trainers and promoters. They stopped short of banning boxing for fear that it would only drive the sport underground, increasing the chances of injury and death.

The central recommendation of the task force, commissioned by federal Sports Minister Gerald Regan last July, is the issuing of "boxing passports"—a record of each boxer's fights, injuries and other relevant information. Now almost fully recovered, Rasmie says that such a passport would have convinced him fight with Hark. "It would have shown that I had too many fights, I had four quick fights—none them all—be-

fore my title fight with Hark. I know now that they were too close together." The task force also recommended a national commissioner be appointed, all provincial professional boxing commissions be disbanded, ring physicians be empowered to stop a fight at any time, a boxer be suspended from fighting and contact training for at least 60 days after being knocked out, protective headgear for bouts under five rounds, a national boxing data bank for "support" information, research into protective equipment and brain damage caused by boxing, national licensing of all gym referees, officials and referees, the creation of a national boxing insurance fund, major penalties for infringement of regulations, testing bouts to 10 rounds with 90-second rather than 60-second rest periods in between.

Not all the recommendations are welcomed by some in the boxing community. Promoter and former Canadian heavyweight champion George Chavakis says the use of headgear is "foolish." Bel task force member and former Commonwealth welterweight champion Clyde Gray was angry when told by Regan that it may take up to a year to implement the report. "A year is a long time," Gray said. "Too long. I don't think it's right to ask boxing to wait that long." —RALPH QUINN

Services rendered

I was an odd week for fans of sport in Toronto, the city that winning forgot. Ron Ellis, 36, a 16-year veteran of the Maple Leaf hockey team, was unexpectedly "retired" midway through the National Hockey League season. Ellis was the only Leaf in this year's team with personal memories of building the 1967 Stanley Cup. He ranked third in all-time scoring on the team and had led for the organization for 26 years. But there was neither trumpet nor confetti ceremony to retire his number, No. 6. Ellis had bowed out gracefully in 1990, but returned for the 1991-92 season for about \$145,000 salary and a \$100,000 retirement fee over three years. He was asked to play in the minor leagues, he refused and the Leafs then bought out his contract with a cheque for \$180,000, making the fee for his



MacBerry: \$3 million for a 34th fighter

36-year-old 220-gallon second coming apparently \$900,000.

As Ellis was leaving Maple Leaf Gardens, John MacBerry was arriving at the airport. If Ellis was wearing humility, MacBerry, 36, was smiling openly. The first basement came to town to sign a four-year contract with the Toronto Blue Jays. The primary fee for the man with a 348 boxing record last season and 22 of his 30 home runs with no one in base is reported to be \$1 million (\$1.5). Fans who pay up to \$15 to watch the Leafs will live in modesty, and up to \$6 to watch the Jays only expect to see live, might find it hard to relate to either. —PI Q



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Scanning the gene pool for a fountain of youth

The key to human longevity may lie in genetic research

By Mark Ciarneski

More than most sciences, gerontology is beset by personal myths and fears. Faust sold his soul to the devil in exchange for a promise of immortality, and the Spanish explorer Ponce de León was shot down by native arrows in Florida while searching for the fountain of youth. But modern science has scotched hopes of playing immortality with the discovery that normal body cell longevity under optimal laboratory conditions will reproduce a maximum of approximately 120 times before dying out. Undaunted, gerontologists continue to track down the causes of senescence—the process of growing old—and possible means of extending longevity, keeping in mind that, as one researcher points out, "death is as necessary a part of our existence

as reproduction or breathing."

Aging used to be viewed simply as a fading away, a time of waiting until a fatal disease struck, but there is in the field now an idea of an "adaptive" function, a necessary sacrifice of the individual organism for the good of the species so that useless and potentially harmful contributors are removed from the gene pool. Although environmental factors such as nutrition and carcinogens clearly play important roles in aging, gerontologists believe that death is also genetically programmed into all species to ensure their survival. Agreement ends there, and theories proliferate along a spectrum that falls between the "passive" and "active" explanations of the aging process. The research holds out the hope that some day it will be possible to genetically prolong human life.



Smith-Sonneborn: prolonged life-spans

At the passive extreme are those who believe that whatever genes are involved in aging function "negatively" by allowing the body's normal repair and defense systems to collapse from accumulated "errors" and malfunctions in a more or less random manner. At the opposite end of the scale are researchers who claim that specific death-inducing processes actively kick

in as early as the onset of sexual maturation, ensuring death by gradually shutting down life-supporting systems. To some extent the difference between the two extremes are ones of approach. The "error accumulation" theory tends more toward explaining the loss of aging by examining the breakdown of particular mechanisms such as the body's innate capacity to repair damage to its own DNA (the basic stuff of genes). It is less concerned with factors that might illuminate the more fundamental causes of aging such as the relationship between the individual organism and the species as a whole. "DNA repair is like the heating system in a building—if it fails in cold weather, you've got problems," says Dr. Samuel Goldstein, formerly at MIT and now at the University of Arkansas. "But ultimately the building is stronger—steel and brick, the best life-support service."

Whatever its theoretical implications, analytical research at the microscopic level into genetic control over human DNA repair and the immune system (which protects the body from disease) has produced startling results. A classic example is the experiment that was performed in 1978 by Juan Smith-Sonneborn, a protonologist at the University of Wyoming, to demonstrate that once



Ponce de León, Chander (right): slowing the capitalist aging mechanism

DNA damage in prokaryotes had been repaired, their normal life expectancy was not affected. To her amazement, the prokaryotes not only reached average expectancy but their life-span was actually extended by 55 per cent, implying that some as yet undiscovered age-prolonging mechanism had been activated. Other researchers have been spurred



by the generally accepted assumption that longevity is controlled by relatively few genes—if these were all in one place, modifying their expression would be much simpler. Evidence is now mounting that the major intractably complex (NAC) might be just such a "supergene," since its influence on the body's immune system, DNA repair mechanisms and metabolic rate has already been demonstrated. However, Bernhard Chander, a professor of immu-



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Investigations into MHC point to the larger perspectives taken by those who envision more active genetic programs for aging. Here research focuses on

Traditional concepts change radically in this field—longevity is defined not chronologically but in terms of “lifetime energy expenditure.” Using this criterion, Sacher points out that hu-

ness actively have greater "longevity" than any other living organisms. Gaijapane turtles may live to be 160 but their catastrophic rates in very slow. Such findings place a much greater emphasis on the role of physiological characteristics like body weight and temperature in determining species longevity, which in turn is assumed to be the controlling factor in the operation of regulatory genes like *MDA*. As far as extending longevity is concerned, the conclusion is that massive changes in the genetic structure would also be required, not merely adjustments to individual signs.



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mechanisms. On the bright side, however, is the fact that humans are particularly adept at this—in the Pleistocene Age, human brain size and species longevity doubled in the ridiculously short time, evolutionarily speaking, of one million years.

If a significant number of the genes determining species longevity and the activity of aging mechanisms could be isolated, there are two possibilities. First, the genes could be used in cloning of recombinant DNA could be edited upon to adjust the genes in the egg and sperm before conception, or the over-regulation by means of cell functions could be influenced by externally introduced substances, just as vaccines injected into blood eventually activate the immune system of the entire body. While researchers look for these and other ways to recombine our present programs, and to improve the results of the program of improving environmental influences such as physical fitness and diet which can extend life perhaps 16 years to account. The paleogenetic genetic breakthrough with its cloning, and the use of the genes to produce transgenic animals, could mean the tambling down of the wall, suddenly tearing it.

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Strauss: apologetic or indignation

For those who can stomach—even admire—Strauss's tendency toward tartness, melodrama and swarming self-glorification, these bold, anxious performance trends, with passion and (where necessary) technical virtuosity, Ormandy in his third and valiant first year with the Philadelphia Orchestra squares all half measures, and the Philadelphia's voluptuous waltz of sound has never been better recorded, especially in the superlative final *Requiem*. But one man's apologetic is another's indignation: the bombast may be too much for the farthest of ears, but the tasteful connoisseur. What they will miss, of course, are the few moments when Strauss strips posturing and the result is sheer poetry.

—JOHN PRANCE

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DANCE

By John Ayre

In late October the rains came down on Manhattan with our biblical force. From inside the dingy old backstage door of the Uris Theatre on Broadway, Karen Kain looked out at the puddles and suggested that instead of going out for lunch, she write in. Although she obviously didn't want to ruin her new gray shoes in the wet, there was also an unmistakably Tennessean quality about her that rejected the street in itself, 42nd Street, which runs off the Broadway jinx and theatre strip with its "all-male film" and show billboards overhead. Safety, after all, was under—behold the sleepy security guard. Eventually Kain did slide into the street, but she moved cautiously, humming like a hornet at red lights.

Just the night before at the Uris, she had danced the *Reynolds* pas de deux with Peter Schaufuss in the fledgling Makarova and Company, on a program with the world's highest-profile dancers, Natalia Makarova, Cynthia Gregory and Anthony Dowell. Although essentially an understudy of Makarova, albeit handpicked, the night was clearly Kain's. With the gift of a bright, enticing work ethic and their own relative youth, she and Schaufuss, also of Canada's National Ballet, made the others look geriatric. Rarely five weeks earlier, with Roland Petit's Ballets National de Marseille, she had starred on the same stage as Berilda in Petit's quirky modern version of *Cappuccino*, a role he created for her in France in 1985. The *New York Times* usually restrained dance critic, Anna Kisselgoff, knew her cod about Kain, writing, "Absolutely on top of her technique and with extraordinary clarity and placement, Miss Kain was simply the best female dancer onstage all season."

Yet in a 7th Avenue Greek deli, sipping on lemon iced tea under lunch, Kain hardly looked like a cosmopolitan ballerina, who had just conquered New York. Her tense and seemingly incongruous homesickness for Toronto was palpable. "I'm a little too sensitive for it



Kain, a month-long girl who found herself with an unusual talent

The reluctant superstar

It's time for Kain's just deserts

all," she admitted apologetically. "I'm not good at sitting in late meals by myself in strange cities, in strange environments with all sorts of different feelings and emotions and values around. I really can't switch off and get on with it. It's one reason why I love staying at home and having my friends around me." Because of that homesickness, Canada will be able to hang on to its foremost prima ballerina a little longer. As the National Ballet mounts its important spring season in Toronto next week, Kain will once again dance the Swan Queen, Juliet, Aurora, measured by having won three victories abroad. But the pressures on Kain—and within her—to finally accept the consequences of her own artistic excellence are growing stronger. Despite her anxious loss of home, there are now indica-

tions that point to Kain's becoming a mature ballet artist who can travel the world in her own right and resist the lure of the seductions of mentors. Rudolph Nureyev, Erik Bruhn and Makarova that she will surely grow to replace them.

On the home front, there are inevitable problems of adjustment. At one time, the National Ballet lived off her major international guest star appearances—Monte Carlo, Paris, Vienna, London and Moscow—and pushed them for all it could. Kain's fans outside the country reflected very positively on the company, and was good for ticket sales. More important, the National was confident it would grow with her and become so internationally respected itself that for the first time in Canadian ballet a top ballerina could stay at home, rather than leaving like Lary Seymour or Melissa Hayden.

Through much of the '70s, Canadians generally wanted to believe the reverse, but it was essentially an image of self-love. Kain was often rarely the Anna Murray of dance whose pretty homesgrown overgrown looks and glib talk-show chatter were at least as important as her dancing. Her sudden rise to celebrity—considered for thousands of women the dream that at least one girl who started neighborhood ballet classes could end up in the arms of Nureyev. It was the glimmer that coaxed, despite the dead in the grim backstage world of ballet glasse was meaningless. Audiences turned up to enjoy Kain and her favorite partner, Frank Augustyn, and cheered them regardless of how well they performed. Yet there were times in the past three years—particularly in the big full-length ballets like *The Sleeping Beauty* and *Swan Lake*—that the two prodigies performed so flawlessly that their eyes looked like those of adepts. Nevertheless, Toronto critics continued to top with the term "superstar" and ironically make reservations that on the G.K. O'Connor stage in Toronto, far from dance capitals, Kain and Augustyn were "marching for greatness."

Eventually the illusion of importance



Photo: Michael Ochs

'I'm a little too sensitive for it all. I'm not good at sitting in hotel rooms by myself in strange cities'



In 'Copelia' last summer, Winifred's portrait usually cold critics went wild

was completely drained from both of them and there was an inevitable breakdown. Early last fall, the exhausted Augustus left for a much-needed sabbatical at the Berlin Opera Ballet, where he has made no secret of his joy at tussling into a new company of new works that the National could never create or afford to acquire. And Kean, noting that no one out there cared for her anymore, left last March for a five-day engagement of Copelia in France with the Ballet de Marseille which served to prepare her for her startling New York seasons in the fall.

Her renewed international stature has created problems for both the National and Kean. The company now stands as an ineffective guardian of Kean's prodigious talent—though because of her inflexible housing contract the National clearly has limited liability. Kean, after all, was not forced to stay in Toronto season after season but now that she has forced herself out, accepting big engagements again, taking off for weeks at a time to see her actor brother Lee Hays, there is a serious suggestion in the air at the National. There is irritation as journalists come around asking the honey questions, where is Kean going to leave the National? And where? France? New York? Some company members think that Kean now sits essentially as a permanent guest artist who casually joins and chooses the best performing dates, leaving the hard slugging tours of the provinces to the other principal dancers. Speaking for those braced ones, the National's artistic director, Alexander Grant, now says his company is filling houses without Kean's once formidable drawing power. Nevertheless, Grant anxiously balances spiritual faith in his dancer in quite factual terms: "Kean Kean is an international issue because the National ballet gave her this chance. The reason she is known and desired is because of the National Ballet."

One could hardly grieve at this surprising moment seeing Kean curled up idly in dressing gown and leg warmers in the O'Keefe Centre's third VIP room in late November. She was back in Toronto, the tension of New York dissipated as easily as smoke. But despite her obvious comfort, home was no longer the same fixed point it had been in the mid-'70s when returning for her was as easy as awakening from an early morning dream by first critical accolades in the fall by themselves have changed the dimensions of her home, and not entirely comfortingly. As she notes, inevitable change, at a time when door-to-door that contrasts to emerge most strongly in Kean. She really does want to be in Toronto with the National. She is what she seems, a girl from the upper-middle class who found herself with an unusual talent she didn't quite know how to handle.

Growing up in Ansonia near Hamilton, Ont., and then in Mississippi, Kean is the product of a conservative suburban background in which theatre had little importance—and still doesn't. Rather, her family is predisposed to traditional middle-class professions. Charles Kean is an electrical engineer who became a vice-president of Westinghouse-Cutler. Kean described her mother as conservative and religious, far from being a stage mother. Winifred Kean has always possessed a healthy concern for the extreme demands of a ballet career. "The discipline, being away from home, the decisions required—it's not natural and it's a dedicated child that sticks with it," she has said. Kean's younger



brother, Kevin, is an intern at Toronto St. General Hospital and one of her twin sisters, Sandy, is a nurse. A brilliant student with an average in the upper 80s, Kean could have easily slipped into a profession and lived in affluence, suffering only a quarter of the frustrations of her dance life. Like many major performing artists who rose out of the working classes, she never needed stage fame as a means of self-affirmation.

Unusual for someone who will be 38 in March, Kean is still deeply devoted to her family. She shares her home in the renovated Collingwood area of Toronto with Kevin and Sandy. She blithely recounts journalism like the tenure of her family and once listed out: "Some stories have been riddled with lies. My mother and sister are innocent. They don't need that treatment." In ballet school, she was thrown for her own while lies in covering her daughters' from parental scrutiny. When she used the language's worst word too adamantly in evidence, the National Ballet School principal, Betty

Oliphant, hauled her into an interview with her mother. Kean denied everything and Winifred Kean left enraged. Oliphant was silent and afterwards asked, "Kean, how could you tell such a lie?" She replied, "Oh yes, but I couldn't have let my mother know that, it would have upset her so much." Even today, Kean is constantly anxious about what her parents think about what she does, everything from her performances to her current affair with Lee Hays, which has sprung up like a weed in the pages of the movie junk press.

Although Kean often appears a conformer, her career would have been impossible without a streak of rebelliousness. At 14, she was one of the youngest students to rent a flat of her own. She



With Hays, forced into a gypsy's life

was the ringleader of a promising and difficult group of student choreographers and dancers, including Ann Ditchburn, Tim Sporn and David Hatch-Walker, none of whom, incidentally, have made the international impact that Kean has herself. Her rebelliousness carried her through a very difficult early career in the National Ballet when, miserable with tearing, she gained weight (as she is prone to do) and languished in the corps. In the midst of a long U.S. tour, Kean suddenly flamed up and landed on the Great Queen role, saying she would quit if she wasn't given the chance. She got it, but more as an attempt to silence her than promote her. And it was a pyrrhic victory. She performed her *Shiva Ishtar* in Tampa, Ariz., near Phoenix, but the mixture of the one-night stands through the U.S. on that tour almost put an end to her dancing. She told herself, "If this is what it's all about, no thanks you, I'll try something else."

All through Kean's career, in fact, there's been the lurking shadow of a Norman Rockwell middle-class idyl.



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Sometimes I think I should have been in musical comedy and been better off and happier!

which sports the incredible physical and emotional demands of a classical ballet dancer's strenuous life. Even when she is dancing well, she sometimes comes up against a white wall of sickness and exhaustion. Dancing Petri's *Carmina* in France for the first time, Kain thought she'd be sick because she was so tired. Yet to the audience she looked majestic. In the midst of her Makinova season, Kain admitted with a touch of bitterness: "Sometimes I think I should have been in musical comedy and been better off and happier. Definitely classical ballet is the most difficult and least rewarding of them all."

All this goes without saying: All dancers must cope with difficulties that would shock normal nerves. Routinely they face a tearing life of bad food, lonely hotel rooms, bus travel and grueling rehearsals. Onstage they do horrible things to themselves, break legs, smash knee cartilage, rip ligaments and muscles. Principal dancers like Kain perform roles so demanding that only a few dozen people in the entire world can do them with any real virtuosity. Nearly all dancers agree that with stamina, or else with sheer drive to reach the top. Erik Bruhn, one of the great male dancers of the century and former resident producer of the National, says that he has seen what he calls "certain 'witches'" in almost every successful prima ballerina that he double Kain possesses at her core. He tempers this by admitting: "I don't necessarily believe that is the only way to get ahead or to stay up there. But I think there's something in Karen's personality that is having a hard time ad-



In "Sleeping Beauty" with Augustin, re-haunting with Nareyre. At least one girl incident could and upon these tesserae.



justing to herself and her position." Remembering his famous partner Carla Fracci who had been as prepared at her home theatre in Italy, La Scala, as Kain is at the National, he also pointed to Kain's lack of resilience away from home. "At times Kain couldn't believe that she was going on that night, she felt so completely unprepared. Little by little, she learned to work in a corner with no stage available and no one to help. That is the kind of gymp like that Kain has never been close to."

As soon as Kain became a discovered property in the early '70s, she really didn't have to think very deeply about either motivation or coping because her owner took off so perceptually. As one former soloist with the National says, "Her career was handed to her on a silver platter." Ballet titan Nureyev and Bruhn coached her, and she became one of Nareyre's favorite partners in the mid-'70s both within and out of the National. The sheer weight of her talent earned her upward. She won a silver medal at the Moscow International Ballet Competition in 1973. It was there that Roland

as guest star in Boston in January of 1973, she returned home, because ill and modestly stayed put for over three years, refusing all foreign appearances of any consequence. Petri, who had essentially offered her the world, was understandably upset. Reaks tried to dialogue her from Toronto by showing her to the American Ballet Theatre's formidable director Louis Chase Chase had to deal with an overabundance of stars like Makinova and Mikhail Baryshnikov, but twice she extended an invitation for Kain to perform with the company. To Bruhn's chagrin, Kain turned down the offer after both times. She now admits covetous: "I decided to stay home for a while because I couldn't keep up the pace. Maybe I should have forced myself out more but I didn't want to risk it. I think I also needed some time to grow personally."

He, however, provided little safety. Her performance with the National in everything from traditional classical roles like *Carmina* in *The Sleeping Beauty* to the Modern in Constantin Patakas' contemporary *Rite of Spring* deteriorated badly. Ballet fans and dancers backstage talked first of a plateau phase, then of a slump—then without Toronto critics, however, were so soft on her. They regularly censured the National without mentioning Kain. She reached the horrible bottom of her slump during the National's sorry appearance at Covent Garden in August, 1979. Although London critics had always been kind to the National before, this time they were impatient.

As the Queen Queen, not the prima ballerina



and savage. One of them, Permae Kain, herself a Canadian, scoffed in on Kain complaining of her "swallowing line," "poor sense of style," her characterization and even her makeup. "A pinkish face above white arms." Hall concluded: "Her dancing had none of the artistry characterized by the dancing of Lina Smith, the first prima ballerina of the company." Considering Smith developed in the early '50s without Kain's class, expensive training, and coaching by Nureyev and Bruhn, it was particularly shattering evaluation.

Bitterly unhappy, Kain went to Al-

under Groat and told him she was quitting the National, dancing, everything she had known since she was young. Groat agreed to her wish and it is curious Toronto newspaper item acknowledged that Kain had gone to "Paris or somewhere." If Kain had been a movie star, paparazzi would have trailed her down for photos and confessions, but as a dancer she safely sunk into foreign oblivion. Her rebellion from dancing was so severe that she gave up the compulsory daily class that all dancers—even those past retirement—must take to keep their bodies in tune. "I'd been



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With Minnelli, in her dressing room with her parents and brother, learning to relax into stardom and pick up the parts

working too hard and was burnt out." Finally back in Paris, she started taking classes again after a month but with no great conviction that she would return unscathed to dance.

Having rejected the emphasis of her career, Kain obviously had to rework the impossible advantage of her exceptional abilities and limited taste for the demands of her art. The move on France helped to sort things out. If dancing were inherently difficult and unenjoying, she would try to tame the beast by at least making her life more pleasant around it. For the first time, she began to indulge herself by regularly taking week-long holidays to rest, now contrived obviously on her desire to see Liza Minnelli. Since everyone called her a star (she rarely felt like one), she also took the lead of her idol Makarova and started to drain the role of some of its perks. With admirable courage, she bought an \$8,000 fur coat on installment from a classy department store (a far check of what is a surprisingly small income — \$30,000 to \$40,000 — for a star).

Alid this, of course, would be meaningless if she did not also tend to her sadly diminished international career. Kain finally obtained a New York agent, Peter Duggan, who represents many of the major ballet stars. Characteristically, she waited for the call. In this, she was in a difficult position. Her reputation had suffered badly. Nureyev, for instance, had told friends that he was very disappointed with her. Ultimately, it was the even-legal Petit who requested Kain for a heady engagement of *Caprice* in France last March, immediately after the National's spring season. But because Petit's company was so busy getting ready for their own season, they had no time for Kain. Without a ballet master, partner or even the usual spectators from



the corps, she ghosted alone in an old, high-ceilinged studio in Marseille with just a videotape monitor playing the French-produced film of *Caprice* in which she had starred years before. It was like chasing a ghost. Even Kain admits how frustrated she was trying to copy the technical precision of her earlier self. But she succeeded in getting on to perform with some of her old flair. "I figured I had to make myself do it because I couldn't pass up many more opportunities or perhaps they'd stop coming. Everything was against my doing a good job everything. I had to finish the season with the National so I got there only two days before the show. I hadn't danced in 3½ years. I was dancing with a boy I hadn't danced with before. I was proud of myself with just being able to cope under pressure. I'm not always good under pressure!"

That struggle is reflected in a huge empty studio may have been the most important moment of her career. For once none of her famous mentors, Makarova, Nureyev or even Petit himself, was there to encourage or correct her along; she did it for personal reasons

alone. Despite the new superficialities of post-war money, far east and Hollywood boy-friend, Kain is beginning to exhibit a more sincere approach to her art. The greed, for example, for works specifically created for her is beginning to surface again. Even the biggest of stars like Makarova and Brekin have been relatively disappointed in terms of new work created for them. By contrast, Kain, with her rare combination of dramatic talent and classical skill, has excited choreographers right from her ballet school days. If she had not retreated so obviously in 1973, her association with Roland Petit probably would have developed into one of those legendary inspirational ties between ballerina and choreographer.

Fortunately that is not finished. Petit was so excited about her Marseille and New York season he once more demands "Is Kain?" His wife, Franco's favorite ballerina, Zizi Jenuzovic, is now too old to sustain her famous dramatic roles — Petit can only think of Kain to replace her, and wants to recast his ballet *Le Bal* around her.

So from her struggle in a Marseille studio, Kain has opened up a new area of growth again, stylized now only by the residence of her enduring homebody instincts. If she does manage to stay long from home to appear with Petit's company or any other, time is very much on her side. There are so few dancers in the world of her caliber to fill the places of the stars, many now in their 40s, that it's all waiting for her. And although the flow of her career was badly interrupted at its most crucial point, there is a simple antithetical factor about her that made at least one ballet superstar gasp with envy. At 39, Kain has as long to make it to the very top—10 years—as she's had to come this far. ☐



Remedying an age-old problem

A growing field of psychiatry is meeting the needs of the geriatric population



By Tola Korenbaum

Old age—as popular conception would have it—is in itself a disease. True not only within bodies, but it inevitably rots the will. Many Seniors have experienced, at one time or another, elder relatives flustering about alone in an empty apartment, disoriented, abandoned and in need of care. It has long been assumed that aging is responsible for all disorders in the elderly, leading unaccountably to the worrisome diagnosis of senility. But what psychiatrists are gradually realizing is that most mental problems in the geriatric population are treatable. Armed with this information, a small but anxious group of clinicians and researchers are wading a relatively new field of medical science: geriatric psychiatry.

This new development in mental health care comes at a time when the community of old people is mushrooming at a staggering rate. By the year 2000, 15 per cent of Canada's population will consist of those over 65, a 100-per-cent increase in just 38 years. What is also alarming is the growth of the most frail segment—those over 85—which is projected to expand by 150 per cent in the same period. Even though it is estimated that 80 per cent of Canadians will likely retain their mental acuity in later years, the 20 per cent who won't pose a social and economic management problem that could reach crisis proportions as the elderly population balloons. According to Statistics Canada, the elderly spend more than

Shulman (left) counseling patients, and Skolnik (below) 'We live in a society full of examples of aging'



twice as long in hospital—primarily for mental disorders—as the national average. "We're facing an explosive situation," says Dr. Hans Raschendorf, head of the psycho-geriatric unit of the Royal Ottawa Hospital, "because the number of very old is increasing faster than we can meet their needs."

Psychiatrists admit that the elderly are often neglected because of a scarcity of resources and lack of qualified personnel. Many more studies in Ontario alone show that there are approximately 10 geriatric psychiatrists in the province even though at least 50 are needed. Consequently, the aged are usually dumped into the laps of medical doctors. "Fam-

ily members bring their parent to the hospital," says Kenneth Skolnik, head of psycho-geriatrics at Toronto's Sunnybrook Medical Centre, "and the staff remains the sluggish admission. So the patient ends up either being restrained or isolated." Adds Dr. Hans Raschendorf of Montreal's Jewish General: "Doctors don't like dealing with what they believe is chronic illness because it's more difficult to treat." As a result, Graess says, a fatalistic attitude that the elderly don't improve has developed.

Dealing with the geriatric psychiatric patient is perplexing because multiple physical, psychological and social problems converge in a diagnostic nightmare. Confused states, mild forms of forgetfulness, apathy, phobias or hypochondria may so closely mirror reality—also known as senile dementia, a real, physically degenerating disease—that misdiagnosis is relatively common. A study of geriatric patients at St. Michael's Hospital in Winnipeg over a seven-year period shows that one-third of psychiatric admissions were the result of toxic confusional states caused by over-medication, infections or sometimes a stroke—physical manifestations that were treatable.

But for the most common mental problem among the old is depression. "On the average," says Dr. Albe Miller, of the geriatric psychiatry division of the University of Toronto, "the elderly suffer more physical, economic or family losses, and their resistance to deal with these losses is reduced." This lack of resilience may explain the reason de-

pression in the elderly often seems milder than in other age groups. "The elderly don't appear desperately depressed," says Dr. Martin Cole, director of psycho-geriatrics at St. Mary's Hospital Centre in Montreal, "which accounts for the under-diagnosis and high rate of suicide."

In fact, up to 25 per cent of suicides occur in the over-65 group in Western societies, and many more go unreported. More often than not, physicians miss the cues: social isolation, recent bereavement or hypochondria. "Older people commit suicide in subtle ways," says Graess. "They overdose, or stop medication, stop eating, or caring for themselves." A study published by the British Royal Medical-Psychological Association shows that up to 90 per cent of the elderly who commit suicide had been seen by their doctors at most three months before their deaths.

While a suicide by an older relative is traumatic to any family, an equally emotional problem is the onset of senility. The most common lead of senility is an incurable degenerative disorder called Alzheimer's Disease. Dr. Melvyn Bell, a neuropathologist at the University Hospital in London, Ont., describes the condition as a "hidden epidemic, the fifth leading cause of death in Canada." He says the only treatment that can be offered is supportive therapy for



Wrenshall watching the 'slow degeneration process' of an incurable disease

the patient and his family. Confides Toronto's Connie Wrenshall, who watched a "slow degeneration process" dull the memory and motor functions of her husband, Gerald. "At first, I denied that this was anything permanent. I pretended this was something a good holiday would help. But then I became despondent and began to wonder if it was worth it to hold on."

While the current status of the geriatric psychiatric patient borders on critical, the prognosis is improving. Researchers, like Kai Casper, director of

psychological services at the London Psychiatric Hospital in Ontario, are devising tests; scales to objectively assess the degree of senile and psychological impairment. On a clinical level, the trend is to stem the tide of institutionalization—and its attendant regression and dependency—through community services such as homecare, meals on wheels or occupational therapy. Toronto's Sunnybrook is awaiting approval this month from the Ontario ministry of health for a three-year \$300,000 pilot project—unique in Canada—combining geriatric medicine and psychiatry in a range of services including an assessment unit and a day-centre centre. "We often tend to want to hold beds," says Graess, "to support material needs. But maybe we haven't put enough attention into emotional support measures. Families are often ill-equipped in private psychiatry, but sometimes they need help to understand."

While some psychiatrists view relatives as key ingredients in providing the necessary emotional support, many families have problems caring for their older relatives, and this situation usually leads to the creation of an overwhelming emotional burden. "Most family members struggle beyond reason to cope," says Dr. William Black, director of psychiatric programs at Vancouver's Valleyview Hospital. Con-

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Miguel "we are gerontophobic"

Bet over a parent's care, he says, often leads children with shaky marriages to divorce. But projects have cropped up to help ward off existing familial tensions and dissonance. The West Park Community Psychogeriatric Service in Etobicoke, Ont., has just introduced weekly educational sessions for families with elderly relatives at home. The Sunnybrook pilot project will also include "reflex administration" for elderly patients to allow their families living time.

Still, the attitude to the problems of aging is likely to be a good dose of education—both professional and consumer. However, the field of geriatric psychiatry has not yet been recognized by the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons of Canada. In fact, while a research chair in child psychiatry was awarded for all psychiatrists training in Canada, there is no such recruitment in geriatric psychiatry. Most professionals, like St. Mary's Cole, have been forced to train abroad in Britain or Switzerland where geriatric psychiatry is an established area of study. But this is changing due to the growing need and interest. The University of Toronto has just recently introduced a one-year graduate course, and a handful of other centres offer some level of exposure in the field.

Ultimately, however, manpower is no panacea without reinvigorating public resources and resistance. "We live in a society full of examples of aging," comments Dr. David Switlow of the University of Alberta's geriatric medicine division. "It's more of a problem than we realize. There is an attitude that mental incapacity and increasing poverty are a normal part of aging." Adds Bloomer-Walker, director of the University of Toronto's gerontology program: "North America, as a pioneering society, has been notoriously youth-oriented, and we've tended not to value old things or traditions. We are gerontophobic. We worry about growing old and being old."

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FILMS

Unexpected resurrection of Napoleon

NAPOLEON

Directed by Abel Gance

For film addicts, it is much like watching wide-eyed into an archeological dig. For the ordinary moviegoer, dazed by all the formulas and the factory feel of recent movies, there has been something to prepare him for the stunning effect of *Napoleon*, Abel Gance's one-act and legendary 1927 film. Presented under the aegis of Franco Ford Coppola with a new musical score written and conducted by his brother, Carmine, and played by a 60-piece orchestra in the jewel-like setting of Radio City Music Hall, Gance's silent masterpiece has had sold-out audiences cheering and often gasping for breath during the past two weekends in New York. After a half-century of disappearance, *Napoleon* has "returned to life."

For 15 years British film scholar Kevin Brownlow, author of *The Poet's Song* and *The War, the West and the Wilderness*, astiduously stitched together the current reconstruction (four hours out of the original six), pulling fragments of the film from archives and other sources. After it premiered in Paris this year, Brownlow's early career had the ill fate to be overtaken by the advent of the Italian Gance put together a shortened version with stereophonic sound in 1958; meanwhile the original version disappeared and had bought the American rights in 1958, cut the film down to 80 minutes and dropped the triple-screen, air-tyranny effects. Last summer, the 3-11 color sequences, as well as Arthur Honegger's original score.

Even missing some of the more spectacular sequences, Brownlow's reconstruction is enough to dazzle a modern audience. Having earned a sensation at the Telluride Festival in Colorado in 1979 and at the 1980 London Film Festival, *Napoleon* was picked up for American distribution by Coppola who, with his special showings of Hans-Jürgen Syberberg's *Our Ribbi*, his adaptation of *Every Man for Himself*, Jean-Luc Godard's first feature in a decade and his mail-order marketing of his own *Apocalypse Now*, has become a kind of Bol Shazam of the movies—pick the best and present them by. As well as adding two extra screenings in New York to meet the extraordinary demand for tickets (selling for as much as \$500 places are under way for showings in Hollywood, especially in the area of the city).



Dearest (above): Gance in Hollywood with D. W. Griffith (right) and to the left



to open September's Festival of Festivals. Suddenly, everyone wants to see *Napoleon*, to watch the lightning on the screen matched by the thundering Berlioz score by Giuseppe Coppola.

Told through a series of expansive air-tyranny (and unlike *Apocalypse Now*, incidentally), *Napoleon* begins with a scene of a ball at a school where we meet the "little" (and not the "big") Napoleon.

who already displays a strategic genius and an eagle's determination to meet. That sequence, with its rapid cutting and visual wit, is merely an appetizer, following is a pillow fight in a dormitory where, at the height of the footy fight, the screen splits into four, and then eight sections, all of them alive with action. The audience, kept in redaction to childhood.

It is one of the ironies of Gance's career that a similar sequence in Jean Vigo's 1933 *Zéro for Conduct* has been the more widely known. Gance's innovative techniques and his stitching of older films into his efforts, sophisticated and delicate superimpositions, the swirling and busy camera freed from the tripod, the subtlety in lighting and the triptych—challenges the current state of movie art. One momenting sequence from *Napoleon* is a small boat during a storm to a sea of bodies floating at the Regency of Terror's revolutionary *Guerrilla* commander with a vertiginous pendulum motion of the camera over thousands of faces which is literally breathtaking. During the final 15 minutes the seven-tyranny (essentially the birth of *Guerrilla*) in a wandman mask of wide-screen interesting and superimpositions as Napoleon (Albert Dondos) prepares to take Italy. And because Gance has humanized Napoleon, the grotesque has all been rendered poetic.

New and 90 and two final to travel. Abel Gance was able to attend the New York showings of his work. Here



ever, following on a performance he was contacted in Paris by phone and the receiver was placed on the stage for him to hear the final turn of the music and the resounding applause of 6,000 astonished people. It had been a long time coming.

—LAWRENCE O'BRIEN

Disappears before your very eyes

THE INCREDIBLE
SINKING MAN
Directed by Joel Schumacher

The premise, though far-fetched, is nevertheless enticing: In the 1987 action-fantasy classic *The Incredible Sinking Man*, And for an hour or so that would be satire on American consumer mania were done wonderfully well. Think it, whose design (and who is a guaranteed date with a good time, is perfectly cast as Pat Kramer, mother of two little monsters and wife of an advertising exec, living in a suburban consumer Elysium called Toxic Bendons. Life there is peachy-keen, a quiet paradise until Pat starts to shrink because of a slight imbalance in her body abetted by a chemical reaction from using too many household products. First her hairbrush begins to fold over her like a tent, then her wedding ring drops off and soon she's a foot tall and living in a dollhouse. It gets worse. "I surely sat on her the other day," says her alarmed husband (Charles Hallahan).

As she becomes smaller she becomes more famous. She gets plastered from drinking too many cocktails of champagne, opens a fortune cookie and pulls out a magic message that says, "You will meet a tall dark stranger." She is the cause of worry and concern, especially from her neighbor Judith Beasley (also played by Trimble), who had only recently warned her about a dangerous hygiene product discovered to be effective in killing cockroaches. Eventually, Pat falls down the drain in the kitchen sink and is assumed dead.

Up to that point, *The Incredible Sinking Man* has been a benign and funny satire. But when Pat is kidnapped by the Organization for World Management, which wants to develop a serum to reduce the entire world to controllable size, the movie starts to shrink, too, becoming a tiny, claustrophobic, dark comedy that involves a King Kongish gorilla engaged with Timon in the Hollywood '60s. Despite the gonzo, what is missing from *The Incredible Sinking Man* is some element of terror to drive the plot home. CWs can forget Grant Tinker's battling a spider with a sewing needle in the arse (or?) Without suspense, the movie becomes a neo-noir, cynical, post-war show.

—L.O.

MEDIA

Pranksters on the prowl

As he leaped from behind his desk to engage in a gentle wrestling match, Kinsmen Nash had no way of knowing whether the studio cameras were still functioning and on him. "I did know, though, that once the bloop, bloop, bloop of our headlamps were on the air there weren't supposed to be a half-dozen strangers in the studio." But Central Canadiana was getting its last Tuesday morning and on their slightly late *The Norwest*, heard only a few muffled grunts from their blackened servers. For 15 minutes viewers remained in the dark while the pugnas Nash and crew struggled to clear the studio in silence, possession from the Quebec branches of the CBC and its counterpart, Radio-Canada.

Their dispute over wage increases entered its fourth month last Friday. Many of the 100 journalists seem firmly convinced that national unity is at stake. They liken their struggle to the 1959 Radio-Canada producers' strike.



Stinky, Collette make them notice

when English-Canadian indifference politicized many, including the present province of Quebec. But there seems to be no real Lebanese in the crowd, no sense to light for other than wages. There have been no negotiations since Dec. 3 and the recently appeared federal mediator, Guy de Merlis, has pulled out of the dispute, describing both sides as intransigent.

While Radio-Canada and CBC lawyers gather impassioned against protesters, the journalists escalate their escapades, trying desperately to galvanize public attention, which so far has remained pathetically indifferent. Two weeks ago, *Radio-Canada* again, a *Radio-Canada* special on Ronald Reagan's inaugura-

tion and the release of the American hostages from Iran when Radio-Canada correspondent Raymond St. Pierre and co-air host Gerald-Marie Boivin were bundled out of their Washington studio minutes before their live broadcast was to begin. The "stinksters" had "no choice" but to spend the day lagging from café to café in Georgetown with their abduction. "It was Inauguration Day. There were policemen on every corner, not to mention secret service agents," says St. Pierre, disgusted at the "treachery" of the pranksters. But night *Washington* devotees, set on their side by Radio-Canada didn't manage to catch up with the abductors, who followed St. Pierre's advice "to get out of the country fast" after he and Boivin were released in the early evening.

A couple of *Radio-Canada* readers were less swift: Gilles Stroz, 33, and Rosemary Collette, 33, face trial in Toronto on April 22. Police arrested them outside the studio and charged them with breaking and entering and mischief. "We were only trying to make the point that it was The National all the way there would be a public outcry while nobody cares about the French news," says Collette. That thesis may well be tossed within a few weeks as CBC journalists in the rest of the country decide what to commit to *Radio-Canada* and counter-demand.

—JANE BARNES

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